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# ALIEN<sup>3</sup>

by

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AWO 18180

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## ALIEN III

FADE IN:

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | EXT. THE VOID   | 1 |
|   | Airless, eerie silence.<br>A patina of stars that crawl away forever.<br>But silent as death itself, something is near...<br>The Sulaco.  |   |
| 2 | INT. SULACO   | 2 |
|   | Deep shadows.<br>Industrial hum.<br>Digital displays.   |   |
| 3 | INT. SULACO-CRYOGENIC COMPARTMENT   | 3 |
|   | Deep within the bowels of the ship.<br>Nestled securely in the walls are four hypersleep cylinders.<br>Within the tubes: BISHOP, HICKS, NEWT and...   |   |
| 4 | RIPLEY  | 4 |
|   | Her features outlined through the nearly opaque faceplate.  |   |
| 5 | WEIRD CLATTER   | 5 |
|   | Something moving...<br>Something unearthly.<br>Needle-sharp claws skidding on wet marble.<br>Abruptly, it stops.  |   |
| 6 | NEWT'S FACE   | 6 |
|   | As she sleeps.<br>From below her crypt a strange sucking sound...<br>Like a surgeon removing a rubber glove.<br>A shadow falls over Newt's eyes.<br>Something is crawling onto her faceplate. |   |
| 7 | SOMETHING   | 7 |
|   | Creeps into position.   |   |

(CONTINUED)

Tiny claws gripping -- searching for a hold.  
It pries into the space between the plate and the steel tubing.  
Levering, straining with all its force...

## 8 THE FACEPLATE SHATTERS

8

Sharp edges slice deep into Alien skin.  
A horrifying shriek erupts from the wounded something.  
Geysers of blood squirt from its body...  
Spill down the side of the tube, burning into the steel.  
Smoke rising from the acid-blood...

## 9 ALARMS GO OFF

9

The sound is deafening.  
Warning lights wink on.  
Computers whirl into life.  
The four cryogenic tubes lifted mechanically from their resting places...  
A FEMALE VOICE, serenely calm...

## FEMALE VOICE

Fire in cryogenic compartment. Repeat.  
Fire in cryogenic compartment. All  
personnel report to EEV. Separation in  
one minute.

Alarms continue.  
The Female Voice begins a countdown.  
The tubes are transported mechanically through the bowels of the  
Sulaco into --

## 10 INT. E.E.V.

10

An Emergency Escape Vehicle replete with high-tech gadgetry,  
digital displays, throbbing red lights...  
The four tubes are now computer secured to the bulkhead.  
Newt's face twitches behind the broken faceplate...  
The Female Voice relentless;

## FEMALE VOICE

E.E.V. will be jettisoned in exactly ten  
seconds.

At the far end of the vehicle, two airtight doors lead into the  
interior of the Sulaco.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Nine seconds...eight seconds...seven  
 seconds...sealing EEV...

The doors slam shut.

11      EXT. SULACO - DEEP SPACE      11

The E.E.V. is released and tumbles away from the mothership.  
 In the absolute silence of space, it falls end over end...  
 Backlit by a billion blinking lights...

12      INT. E.E.V.      12

A topsy-turvy world endlessly revolving...

13      RIPLEY'S FACE      13

Disappears and reappears from view.  
 Beads of condensation run in fingers over her faceplate...

14      EXT. E.E.V. - DEEP SPACE      14

Leaving the Sulaco behind, the escape craft plummets inexorably  
 downwards.  
 Far below, a small planet is visible...  
 Colorless, gray, forbidding.

15      SUPER:      15

THE PLANET FIORINA  
 THE NEROID GALAXY  
 ORE REFINING PROJECT  
 MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON  
 "FURY 161"

Entering atmosphere, the E.E.V. begins to heat up...  
 Flames erupt in its wake.

16      EXT. THE PLANET FURY - DUSK      16

Howling wind.  
 The bleak landscape dotted with huge skeletons of abandoned  
 machinery.  
 Cranes, derricks, surface vehicles...  
 Windmills spin crazily in the gale force wind.

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- 17      A BLACK SEA      17  
Oily breakers on an anthracite shore...  
The enormous waves roll and crash onto a shining silicone beach.
- 18      A MAN      18  
Tall, gaunt, his muscular body encased in translucent plastic.  
His head shaved bald, hood tied securely under his chin...  
At his feet, the dark sand is infested with tiny iridescent insects.  
Lice and termites.
- 19      A FIERY LIGHT      19  
Appears momentarily through a rolling cloud.  
The Man stares at it.  
As it continues to approach, he keeps reeling in the net.  
Others join him.  
Stare in awe at the light.  
Two, three, now five men, all with shaved heads...  
Seconds later, the fireball slams into the black sea.
- 20      EXT. BENEATH THE SURFACE - BLACK SEA      20  
The fireball is in fact the EEV.  
Red-hot, setting the water to boil...  
Momentum sending it deeper and deeper..
- 21      INT. E.E.V.      21  
As the pressure builds, bulkheads moan and crack.  
Bolts explode, ricocheting murderously in the confinement.  
A support beam directly above Hicks' head is bent double and gives way.  
Falling, it spears Hicks through the head, killing him instantly.  
More bolts exploding...
- 22      EXT. E.E.V. BENEATH THE SURFACE - BLACK SEA - DUSK      22  
Air bags in the sides of the ship explode outwards...  
Slow its decent.  
It's too late.  
The hull cracks...  
Rolling and bucking, the ship starts climbing to the surface.

23 EXT. BLACK SEA - THE PLANET FIORINA - DUSK 23

The combined roar of wind and water is ear-splitting.  
As the EEV, hole gaping, geysers up from the depths on the air bags...

24 INT. E.E.V. - BLACK AND WHITE IMAGES - DUTCH ANGLES - DREAM SEQUENCE 24

Warning lights PULSE.  
STROBES flickering on and off.  
Steam blasts out overhead pipes.

25 RIPLEY 25

Appears from behind a console  
Breathing heavily...  
Wearing a sweat soaked tank top.  
Her eyes flit from side to side.  
Then up.  
Then down.  
She moves into the pod.  
Silently crosses the distance to Newt's sleep tube:

26 IN THE TUBE 26

Newt sleeps peacefully.  
RIPLEY facing down into the sleep tube:  
Newt sits up!!  
Eyes open wide.

Newt?

RIPLEY

Takes a step forward --  
Newt's mouth slowly opens...

Newt...

RIPLEY

A stream of Alien slime sprays out of Newt's open mouth!  
BLASTING Ripley -- she steps back --  
Newt's chest swells.  
Pushing up --  
Skin growing drum-tight --  
Mouth opening even wider --

RIPLEY  
No. Not her. NOOOO!!!

(CONTINUED)

She starts screaming as...

27 A SMALL ALIEN

27

Slithers out of Newt's mouth.  
Tiny forearms pushing at the sides of her stretched lips...  
It struggles to free itself from Newt's jerking and twitching  
carcass.  
Tiny razor sharp teeth glint in the firelight.  
As Newt's face returns to normal, she smiles and...  
Ripley can only SCREAM --

28 MONTAGE - IMAGES TO BE INTERCUT:

28

A. INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

ANDREWS works as Dat-Scan operator. Types in the Following.

FURY 361 - CLASS C PRISON UNIT -  
IRIS - 12037154 - REPORT E.E.V. UNIT  
2650 CRASH - ONE SURVIVOR - LT.  
RIPLEY - B5156170 - DEAD CPL. HICKS -  
L55321 - UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE -  
REQUEST EMERG. EVAC. SOONEST  
POSSIBLE -- AWAIT RESPONSE -  
SUPT. ANDREWS M51021.

B. EXT. BEACH - DAY

Part of the E.E.V. wreckage has twisted loose from the fuselage...  
It washes ashore.  
The man approaches -- pulls open a cryo-tube covered with sea-  
weed...  
Ripley, nearly drowned, gasping...

C. EXT. BEACH - DAY

Four teams of oxen and twenty shaved-head prisoners winch the  
E.E.V. onto shore -- through the pounding breakers and screaming  
wind...

D. EXT. BEACH - DAY

As a huge crane lowers the E.E.V. into the cone of silence.  
One of the oxen team keels over.  
Prisoners run to examine the huge beast.

E. INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

TO: FURY 361 - CLASS C - PRISON  
UNIT - 1237154 - FROM NETWORK  
COMCON 01500 - WEYLAND YUTANI  
- MESSAGE RECEIVED.

F. INT. CONE OF SILENCE

The huge crane lowers the E.E.V...

END MONTAGE.

29 INT. INFIRMARY - WEYLAND-YUTANI WORK- 29  
CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - FURY-161

MEDICAL OFFICER CLEMENS kneels beside Ripley, examining  
her face.  
Her lips start to move.  
Cradling her head, he tries to hear what she's saying.

30 INT. E.E.V. - BLACK AND WHITE IMAGES - DUTCH 30  
ANGLES - DREAM SEQUENCE

The twin muzzles of a pilot light Flame Thrower shyly pokes out  
from behind a console.  
Ripley's EYE appears.  
Her grip tightens on the Flame Thrower in her hands.  
She flips a switch to high heat.  
Moves around the sleep tubes...  
A noise to her left.  
She whirls --  
Pulls the trigger on the Flame Thrower --  
Click.  
Nothing.  
She tries again --  
A half-hearted burp, but no flame.  
She begins to panic --  
Senses the Alien's presence.  
Looks left, right, up - no beast.  
Looks down:  
The Alien's tail.  
Coming up between her legs.  
She turns.  
Right into its grasp.  
The useless flamethrower skitters across the floor.  
She pummels The Beast with her fists.  
The Alien spins her.

(CONTINUED)



Pushes down and across the sleep tube --  
Again...  
Ripley can only SCREAM --

CUT TO:

31 INT. INFIRMARY

31

Clemens pulls her screaming face close...  
Turns her head away.  
Gagging on black salty water, Ripley coughs up...  
Struggling for air as --

32 SUPERINTENDENT HARRY ANDREWS

32

Late-forties, solid build, shaved head -- strides purposely through the door.  
Trailing discreetly behind, AARON, his general factotum...  
Aaron's in his early-thirties, a big, beefy, top-Sergeant type...  
Coming to an abrupt halt, both men stare fixedly at Ripley.

ANDREWS

What's her status, Mr. Clemens?

CLEMENS

She's alive.

ANDREWS

Thank you, Mr. Clemens. That's very helpful. It also means that we have a problem, doesn't it?

CUT TO:

33 INT. LIBRARY

33

Cathedral-like.  
Four stories high.  
Books piled, filed, stacked everywhere...  
Candles are used to augment minimal electric light.  
The assembled prisoners move into position --  
Hang from railings...  
Lean on stacks of books...  
Smoke.  
A prisoner population of 31 men.  
All are present.  
Lean, hard looking, of all ages...  
No fatties.  
Andrews seated at the center.  
Aaron seated close to Andrews.  
Clemens some distance away...

34 PRISONER MALCOLM

34

Steps forward.  
Physically powerful.  
Bald like the others save for one long dreadlock.  
Wire rimless glasses.  
Clearly a leader.

MALCOLM

Give us strength, Oh Lord, to endure.  
Until the day. Amen.

The prisoners all raise their right fists...  
Andrews clears his throat --

ANDREWS

This is rumor control. Here are the facts.  
As some of you know, a 337 model  
E.E.V. crash landed here at 0600 on the  
morning watch. There was one survivor.  
Two dead and a droid that was hopelessly  
smashed beyond repair. The survivor is a  
woman.

Mumbles among the prisoners.

MORSE: late-twenties, tight-jawed, gold teeth; he steps forward --  
confronts Andrews.

MORSE

(agitated)

I just want to say that I took a vow of  
celibacy. That means no women. We all  
took the vow.

Malcolm steps in front of Morse, a gesture of restraint...

MALCOLM

What brother means to say is... We view  
the presence of any outsider, particularly  
a woman, as a violation of the harmony, a  
potential break of the spiritual unity. You  
hear what I say. You take my meaning?

ANDREWS

We are well aware of your feelings in this  
matter. You will be pleased to know that  
I have requested a rescue team.  
Hopefully, they will be here inside of a  
week and evacuate her A.S.A.P.

(to Clemens)

What's her medical status?

(CONTINUED)

All eyes turn to Clemens.

CLEMENS

One of her ribs may be broken. Possible concussion. What is potentially more dangerous is that she came out of cryo-sleep too abruptly...

ANDREWS

Will she live?

Clemens considers the question.

CLEMENS

She'll be fine.

Pursing his lips, Andrews glances back at Malcolm.

ANDREWS

Look, none of us here is naive.  
(pause)

It's in everybody's best interests if the woman doesn't come out of the Infirmary until the rescue team arrives. And certainly not without an escort. Right? So we should all stick to our set routines and not get unduly agitated. Correct? All right. Thank you, gentlemen.

Nobody moves.

MALCOLM

Okay.

He gives a signal and the assemblage breaks up...  
Malcolm stops Clemens.

MALCOLM

Pill pusher. You should be careful of this woman.

CLEMENS

We owe all God's children a fighting chance.

MALCOLM

We don't know whose child she is...

CUT TO:

35 INT. INFIRMARY

35

Ripley lies still on a cot.  
There's an IV pack taped to her arm.  
Clemens appears in the doorway.  
Moving to her side, he checks her vital signs.  
On a table beside the cot, he finds another syringe with clear liquid...  
Prepares to give her an injection.  
Ripley's eyes snap open.

RIPLEY

What's that?

Clemens is surprised, but tries not to let it show.

CLEMENS

A light cocktail of my own mix. Sort of  
an eye opener.

RIPLEY

Are you a doctor?

CLEMENS

I've only got a 3-C rating. But I'm the  
best you're going to find around here...I  
really ought to shave your head.

Lifts a razor.

Startled, Ripley sits bolt upright on the cot, pulling the sheet  
around her.

CLEMENS

Lice. Big problem here, I'm afraid. I'll  
give you an electric razor for your more  
private parts. When you're feeling better  
you can attend to that.

Pause.

CLEMENS

My name is Clemens. I'm the Chief  
Medical Officer here at Fury 361. One of  
Weyland Yutani's backwater work  
prisons, it grieves me to say.

RIPLEY

How did I get here?

CLEMENS

You rode down on an EEV. Evidently  
separated from your mothership before  
you hit our atmosphere.

(CONTINUED)

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RIPLEY

What about the others?

CLEMENS

I'm afraid they didn't make it.

This sinks in.

CLEMENS

Would you like the physical details?

RIPLEY

I want to go to the ship.

CLEMENS

You're in no condition for that.

She stands.  
Buck naked.

RIPLEY

You want to get me some clothes, or  
should I go like this?

CLEMENS

Given the nature of our indigenous  
population, I would suggest clothes.

He turns and opens a closet.

CLEMENS

None of them has seen a woman in years.  
Neither have I for that matter.

CUT TO:

36 INT. HALLWAY TO CONE OF SILENCE - FURY 361 - DAY 36

A now fully-clothed Ripley and Clemens...

CLEMENS

I've no idea how long you were in hyper-  
sleep, but coming out of it the way you  
did can be a jolt to your system. So let's  
steady on as we go, Ripley.

RIPLEY

How do you know my name?

CLEMENS

It's stenciled on the back of your shorts.  
We also found your dog tags.

(CONTINUED)

37 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

37

Prisoners are working on securing the E.E.V. onto blocks.  
They are struck dumb at the sight of Ripley.

RIPLEY

Just what kind of place is this work  
prison?

CLEMENS

It used to be a mineral ore refinery.

RIPLEY

And now?

CLEMENS

Weyland-Yutani's got it on hold. We're  
just caretakers. I think the Prisoners  
think of it as a kind of monastery.

RIPLEY

Great. Monks in space.

Ripley takes a deep breath and crawls into:

38 INT. E.E.V.

38

Everything is smashed, wrecked...  
In the very cramped quarters, Ripley finds a place to kneel.  
Clemens follows her inside.

RIPLEY

Where are the bodies?

CLEMENS

We have a morgue. We've put them there  
until the investigative team arrives,  
probably in a week's time.

RIPLEY

There was an android...

CLEMENS

Disconnected. There were pieces of him  
all over the place. What's left of him was  
thrown in the trash. The Corporal was  
impaled by a support beam. He never  
knew what hit him. The little girl  
drowned in her cryo-tube. I don't think  
she was conscious...I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

She struggles for control.  
Impossible.  
Her eyes fill with tears.  
Eyes brimming, Ripley spots the remains of Newt's cryotube.  
Faceplate is broken.  
Probably happened in the crash.  
There's a strange discoloration on the metal below the faceplate.  
She leans forward, running her fingers over it...

CLEMENS

What is it?

It feels like somebody has dumped ice water down her back:

RIPLEY

(now like stone)

Where is she?

CLEMENS

I told you. The morgue. You are  
disoriented. Half your system is still in  
hyper-sleep --

RIPLEY

I want to see what's left of her body.

CLEMENS

What do you mean, what's left? The  
body's intact.

RIPLEY

It is? I want to see it.

CUT TO:

39 INT. MORGUE - STEPS LEADING DOWNWARD

39

Clemens leads Ripley along the circular stairwell.

CLEMENS

Any particular reason you're so insistent?  
It's very clear that the girl drowned.

RIPLEY

I have to make sure that's how she died.  
That it wasn't something else.

CLEMENS

Such as?

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

An infection.

CLEMENS

What kind of infection?

RIPLEY

She was very close to me. I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important.

CLEMENS

I need more than that to conduct an autopsy.

RIPLEY

Cholera.

CLEMENS

You must be joking. There hasn't been a case reported in 200 years.

RIPLEY

I was part of the combat team that nuked Archeron. That was one of the reasons.

CLEMENS

We don't hear much out here, but we would have heard about that.

RIPLEY

Really? I guess you don't work for the same company I do.

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40 INT. MORGUE - MAIN FLOOR

40

Along one wall, floor to ceiling, stainless steel cabinets.  
The floor is corrugated tile, chipped and cracked by time.  
At the center of the room a --

41 PORCELAIN TABLE

41

With a drain at its center.  
Illuminated by a pale overhead light.  
During the next few seconds, we have only momentary  
SUBLIMINAL IMAGES of the actual autopsy...  
Clemens puts down the electrical saw.  
There's an incision in Newt's chest from the top of her throat to the  
bottom of her sternum.  
He places his hands on either side of the incision.  
Taking a deep breath, Clemens pries open Newt's chest.

(CONTINUED)



CLEMENS

(looking down)

We have nothing unusual. Everything in place. No sign of disease. No sign of any contagion. Now, since I'm not entirely stupid, do you want to tell me what you're really looking for?

A door smashes open.  
Andrews and Aaron enter.

ANDREWS

Mr. Clemens.

CLEMENS

Superintendent.

CLEMENS

I don't believe you've met Lieutenant Ripley.

ANDREWS

What's going on, Mr. Clemens?

CLEMENS

First, Lieutenant Ripley is feeling much better, I'm happy to say. Second, in the interests of public health, I'm conducting an autopsy.

ANDREWS

Without my authority?

CLEMENS

There didn't seem to be time, but it's all turned out all right, the body shows no signs of contagion.

ANDREWS

Good. But it might be helpful if Lt. Ripley didn't parade around in front of the prisoners. It might also be helpful if you kept me informed as to any change in her physical status. Or would that be asking too much?

Aaron staring at Newt's body.

(CONTINUED)

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AARON

The prisoners believe defiling a body is a sin...

CLEMENS

Yes. When one of our prisoners dies, they want the body whole, so he can be resurrected during the coming apocalypse.  
(shrugs)

RIPLEY

Then they wouldn't object to outsiders being cremated?

ANDREWS

It would be fine with them -- but I'm afraid I would object. It would look bad on my report. We'll keep them on ice until the rescue team arrives.

RIPLEY

There is the public health issue.

Looks at Clemens.

CLEMENS

Lt. Ripley feels that there's the possibility of a communicable contagion.

ANDREWS

I thought you said there was no sign of disease.

CLEMENS

I think it would be unwise to tolerate even the possibility of an unwanted virus. An outbreak would look very bad on your report, wouldn't it?

An unhappy Andrews turns to Ripley, condescending in his manner...

ANDREWS

There are thirty-one prisoners in this facility. All former criminals, thieves, rapists, murderers, forgers, child molesters...scum.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

(beat)

But scum that have taken on religion. I, for one, don't think that makes them any less dangerous. So I try not to offend their convictions. I don't want to disturb the order. I don't want ripples in the water. And I don't want a woman walking around giving them ideas.

RIPLEY

Yes. Obviously for my own personal safety.

ANDREWS

Exactly.

The two lock eyes -- then Andrews turns back to Clemens.

ANDREWS

I will leave the details of the cremation to you, Mr. Clemens.

CUT TO:

42 INT. ABATTOIR

42

Shiny, tiled walls.  
Various cuts of meat, chicken, lamb, etc, hang from rusted hooks in the arctic gloom...  
Row upon row of razor sharp knives line a wall by the door.  
Huffing and puffing --

43 PRISONER FRANK

43

lurches into the room.  
Right behind, helping with the impossibly heavy load, is

44 PRISONER MURPHY

44

Barely out of his teens, a convicted thief with furtive eyes.  
With great difficulty the two men negotiate:

45 A DEAD OX

45

into the room on a rusted ore cart.  
Somehow, they manage to get The Beast out onto the floor.  
They wrap chains around the dead animal's back legs and begin to winch it overhead.

(CONTINUED)

MURPHY  
Frank?  
FRANK  
Yeah?  
MURPHY  
What do you think killed Babe?  
FRANK  
Beats me. Just keeled over.  
MURPHY  
How old was she?  
FRANK  
Charts say seventeen. In the prime. Chop  
her up, later, we'll throw her in the stew.  
MURPHY  
Right.

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CUT TO:

46 INT. GLASSWORKS

46

Glass tubing coming out in jets...  
A huge pot of molten glass behind --

PRISONER #1  
You goin'?

PRISONER #2  
Nothin' to do with us.

PRISONER #3  
Malcolm gonna be there?

Malcolm appears.  
All eyes turn...

MALCOLM  
Shut it down.

The fire is immediately banked.

MALCOLM  
We're all goin'. We show our respect.  
They wanna burn bodies, fine by us, long  
as it isn't one of us.

He moves off...  
The others follow.

CUT TO:

## 47 INT. SMELTER - BLAST FURNACE

47

An immense space located in the bowels of the operation.  
Vaguely rectangular, the room is carved out of the very rock of the planet.

In the center, there's an enormous pit.

Flames are visible over beveled edges descending to the depths.

On one wall, a series of ducts and fans control oxygen flow into the furnace area.

Cranes on tracks running up and down the room can be loaded or unloaded from catwalks above the pit.

## 48 TWO PRISONERS

Stand on a crane, a short distance from the fire in the pit.

Rippling heat rises from the floor below.

The prisoners hold between them two canvas bags, one containing Newt's body.

One containing Hicks' remains.

Below them --

## 49 RIPLEY

49

stands on a catwalk beside Clemens, looking at the two prisoners on the crane.

Aaron, Malcolm, and several other prisoners are behind her.

To her right, Andrews opens a book and begins to read:

## ANDREWS

We commit this child and this man to  
your keeping, O Lord. Their bodies have  
been taken from the shadow of our nights.  
They have been released from all darkness  
and pain...

## 50 IN FIRE CONTROL

50

A small claustrophobic space below the catwalk, cramped with iron pipes, levers and pulleys.

PRISONER TROY, sweating profusely, starts opening valves for all he's worth.

On a panel before him, gauges start to move.

Pressure builds.

There's a dial to his right that has two positions.

Number one reads, GLASSWORKS.

Position number two says, FURNACE.

Troy moves the lever to the second position.

Dials on the panel head for the red zones...

## 51 THE WALL 51

of the furnace, as giant air-ducts slide open...  
Huge fans force air into the chamber.

## 52 IN THE PIT 52

Now combined with oxygen, the methane flame rises.  
Getting hotter and hotter...  
Blitzes through the spectrum, going from red to white-hot.

## 53 ON THE CATWALK 53

Ripley starts to quietly cry.  
Tears run freely down her face.  
Clemens watches her closely.  
Still reading, Andrews raises his voice;

## ANDREWS

The child and the man have gone beyond  
our world. They are forever eternal and  
everlasting...

## 54 IN THE ABATTOIR 54

Something weird is starting to happen.

## 55 THE DEAD OX 55

which FRANK and MURPHY brought in from the beach...  
Seemingly begins to dance crazily.  
Grotesque.  
Something inside the ox trying to break free...

## MALCOLM (OS)

We who suffer ask the question, Why?  
Why the innocent are punished? Why the  
sacrifice? Why the pain?

## 56 ANDREWS 56

Puts down the book.  
Looks over to Malcolm, who has, seemingly uninvited, taken over  
the service.

## MALCOLM

There are no promises. There is no  
certainty. Only that some will be called.  
Some will be saved.

ANO 18180

## 57 IN THE FURNACE 57

the fire rages...

## 58 ON THE CRANE 58

reeling from the heat, the two prisoners reach their breaking point.  
Hurling the two canvas bags into the pit, they beat a hasty retreat.

## 59 ON THE CATWALK 59

weeping freely, Ripley watches what used to be Newt and Hicks  
disappear into the inferno.  
Impulsively, she takes Clemens' arm for support.  
He gives it freely.  
Despite the hardness of their lifestyle, all the prisoners are moved  
by the moment.  
Malcolm keeps reading:

## MALCOLM

But this small spirit will never know the  
hardships, the grief and pain which lie  
ahead for those of us who remain. So, we  
commit this body to the void with a glad  
heart...

## 60 IN THE ABATTOIR 60

on the table, the ox's body is stretched and distorted.  
Suddenly, in a moment of carnal frenzy --

## 61 A SUPER CHEST - BURSTER 61

explodes from the ox's thorax.  
Rockets out of the ox's carcass and tumbles to the floor.

This thing has four legs, Alien head and drooling mouth.  
Like a horrifying fawn, it struggles to get legs under it.  
Wobbles round the room.

## MALCOLM (OS)

For within each seed there is the promise  
of a flower. And within each death, no  
matter how small, there is always a new  
life. A new beginning.

Struggling upright, the baby creature gurgles...  
Clatters across the floor and disappears into an air-duct.

62 IN THE GALLERY

62

Above the furnace...  
 Ripley can no longer maintain.  
 A nervous gesture to her hair.  
 Another to her ear.  
 Now scratches her head, despite the tears.  
 Scratches again.  
 Looks at her hand.  
 Recoils.  
 Looks over to Clemens...

ANO 18180

CUT TO:

63 INT. BUG WASH

63

Ripley in a stall.  
 Her face appears in a mirror, above a steaming basin.  
 She studies her appearance.  
 Now bald.

64 CHEMICAL SHOWER

64

Ripley standing in the hard spray amid the swirling steam...  
 Chin high.  
 Eyes shut.  
 An act of purification.

CUT TO:

65 INT. MESS HALL

65

The prisoners eating -- making jokes, small talk.  
 Andrews and Aaron at small table, off by themselves.

66 TABLE - MESS HALL

66

Prisoners GOLIC, BOGGS and RAINS eating.  
 Each with a sullen look...  
 Malcolm sits down at their table.

MALCOLM

Okay. You guys want to tell me what the  
 problem is?

No response.

MALCOLM

Speak to me, brothers.

(CONTINUED)



RAINS  
All right, I'll tell you. I don't mind the  
dark, I don't mind the bugs, or anything.  
But I mind Golic.

MALCOLM  
(to Boggs)  
That the way you feel about it?

BOGGS  
Yeah. The man is crazy. And smells bad.  
I ain't goin' out with him anymore.

MALCOLM  
(to Golic)  
You got anything to say for yourself?

Golic shrugs, grins like an idiot.

MALCOLM  
(to Rains and Boggs)  
He is going with you. You have a job to  
do. You will learn not to mind Golic, he  
is another poor, miserable, suffering son-  
of-a-bitch like you and me.

RAINS  
Except he smells worse.

BOGGS  
And he's crazy.

MALCOLM  
You have a job. You are foragers. You  
are to find abandoned provisions and  
equipment. There are storerooms of food  
and tools someplace down there. You are  
to do this to help your fellow prisoners.  
You are to do this to prove your loyalty  
to me. I don't want to hear another word  
about Golic.

He looks up.

67 RIPLEY

67

Enters...  
The entire room goes silent.  
She takes some cornbread from a basket on one of the tables...  
All eyes riveted on her.  
She spots Malcolm.  
Moves to his table...

(CONTINUED)

68      ANDREWS' TABLE

68

Andrews watches Ripley as she moves to Malcolm.  
Not a happy look on Andrews' face.  
He turns to Aaron.

**ANDREWS**

As I thought, Mr. Aaron. As I thought...

69 MALCOLM'S TABLE

69

**As Ripley arrives.  
Stands opposite Malcolm...**

**RIPLEY**

Thanks for your words at the funeral.  
They helped...

Malcolm stares straight ahead.  
Doesn't acknowledge her presence.  
Finally turns to her --

**MALCOLM**

You shouldn't be here. You don't wanna know me. I am a murderer and a rapist. Of women.

**RIPLEY**

Really. I guess I must make you nervous.

A moment.  
Then Malcolm smiles.  
Ripley sits down opposite him.

**MALCOLM**

Do you have any faith, sister?

RIPLEY

**Not much.**

**MALCOLM**

**We got lots of faith here. Enough even for you.**

RIPLEY

I thought women weren't allowed.

**MALCOLM**

**We never had any before. We tolerate anybody. Even the intolerable.**

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

Thank you.

MALCOLM

That's just a statement of principle.  
Nothing personal.

RIPLEY

I guess if you can take this place, you can take anybody.

MALCOLM

This place is as good a place to wait as any other. Better. No temptation here.

RIPLEY

What exactly are you waiting for?

MALCOLM

We are waiting for God to return and raise his servants to redemption.

RIPLEY

Where do you get this stuff?

MALCOLM

From the books. We've got all the books in the galaxy here.

CUT TO:

70

INT. LIBRARY

70

All the books in the galaxy are now visible...  
Ripley and Clemens seated among the stacks.  
Clemens pours her a short whisky.

CLEMENS

...the books were sent here as a storage depot. Nobody much cared what happened to them. There was a warden here who organized them -- Weyland-Yutani shut down the main operation here about seven years ago. It used to be a thousand man facility. Malcolm and his religious converts volunteered to stay behind and serve out their sentences as a kind of custodial staff, keeping the operation going on pilot light as it were... And here we are.

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY  
How did you get this wonderful  
assignment?

CLEMENS  
I know you'll find this hard to believe, but  
it's actually much nicer than my previous  
posting.

He gestures...

CLEMENS  
How do you like your hair cut?

RIPLEY  
(rubs her head)  
Weird.

CLEMENS  
Now that I've gone out on the limb for  
you with Andrews, damaging my already  
less than perfect relationship with that  
good man, and briefed you on the hum-  
drum history of Fury 361, how about you  
telling me what were you looking for in  
the girl? And why was it necessary to  
cremate the bodies?

Pause.

RIPLEY  
Are you attracted to me?

CLEMENS  
In what way?

RIPLEY  
In that way.

CLEMENS  
You are rather direct.

RIPLEY  
I've been out here a long time.

CLEMENS  
Yes. So have I.

He swirls his drink -- looks at her.

CUT TO:

440 18180

## 71 INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

71

An enormous fan with razor sharp blades is going full bore...  
Fills the air-duct with warm air and soot.  
Murphy is cleaning the passageway, chipping away carbon deposits,  
scrubbing down the walls.  
He whistles as he works, doesn't like the job much...  
Stopping, Murphy spots something in the dark of the air-duct.  
Kneeling, he checks it out.  
Looks like a reptile's skin.  
Holding his broom, he stretches it out.  
Approximately the size of a small calf...  
A calf with reptile skin?  
It's too much for Murphy to contemplate.  
He starts whistling again:  
He hears something in the darkness to his left.  
Stopping again, he sees a recessed storage area built into the wall of  
the air-duct...  
A gurgling sound is coming from inside.  
Curious, Murphy moves closer.  
What in hell is that noise?  
Stopping before the recessed area, Murphy peers inside.  
There's something in there...  
He can't quite make it out.  
Curious, he inches closer and sees:

ANO 18180

## 72 THE ALIEN

72

still fawn-like, but growing...  
Murphy is suddenly rooted to the spot.  
Time stops for a second.  
Suddenly, the creature --

## 73 SPITS ACID

73

in Murphy's eyes.  
Clawing at his face, flesh peeling away from his cheeks,  
Murphy reels backwards.  
Smoke pours through his fingers.  
Screaming, he slams into a wall and staggers backwards into--

## 74 THE FAN

74

which rips him to pieces.  
In the blink of an eye, the walls of the Air-duct are splattered  
with his remains...  
The fan CLANGS to ringing stop as Murphy's skull fouls the blade.  
Within the recess on the wall comes a sound...  
Very much like a kitten licking milk from the bottom of a bowl.

CUT TO:

75 INT. CLEMENS' QUARTERS

75

Ripley lies under the sheets on a small cot.  
Clemens, across the way, lights a cigarette and pours himself  
another small whisky...

Like a drink? CLEMENS

Sure. Pour me one. RIPLEY

He does.

I am deeply appreciative of your  
attentions but I realize they deflected my  
question. In the best possible way of  
course... CLEMENS

He hands her a glass.

You're spoiling the mood? RIPLEY

I am a medical officer and one does have  
a job to do...What were you looking for  
in the girl? Why did the bodies have to be  
cremated? CLEMENS

I get it -- Now that I'm in your cot, you  
think I owe you an answer. RIPLEY

No, you owe me an answer and being in  
my bed has nothing to do with it. CLEMENS

Look, it's over. When I was in hyper-  
sleep I had a real bad dream...I don't want  
to talk about it. I just had to be sure what  
killed her -- Maybe I made a mistake... RIPLEY

Buzz.  
Intercom.

Clemens. AARON (V.O.)

Clemens moves to the speaker...

(CONTINUED)

CLEMENS

Yes, Mr. Aaron.

AARON (V.O.)

Andrews wants you to report to Ventshaft  
Seventeen on the Second Quadrant.  
A.S.A.P. We've had an accident.

CLEMENS

Something serious?

AARON (V.O.)

Yeah. You could call it that. One of the  
prisoners got diced.

Click.

Clemens turns back to Ripley --

CLEMENS

I'm sorry...I have to go. Official duties.

As he turns away...

76      RIPLEY

76

Not looking very happy.

CUT TO:

77      INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

77

Kneeling on the floor, Clemens examines the remains of Murphy.  
There is precious little to look at.  
The fan's been shut down.  
Andrews and Aaron look on grimly.

AARON

He was a flake...I gave him the  
assignment.

ANDREWS

No apologies, Mr. Aaron. It wasn't your  
fault.

Clemens glances up at Andrews:

(CONTINUED)

CLEMENS

Not really much to say, is there? Death was instantaneous.

AARON

No shit.

ANDREWS

I take it he was pulled into the fan?

CLEMENS

A sudden rush of air I would imagine, except...

AARON

Right...almost happened to me once...four years ago...I always tell people...keep an eye out for the fans. Nobody listens.

CLEMENS

Except the fan was blowing.

Clemens stands, studying the inside of the air-duct. Moving closer to the recess in the wall, he notices it for the first time. Slowly, he looks inside. Empty. There's something running down the wall. Something appears to have been spilled over the edge of the recess.

ANDREWS

What's that?

CLEMENS

I really don't know...

Andrews pins Clemens with his gaze. Clemens look away. Instantly, Andrews is suspicious...

ANDREWS

I want to see you in my quarters in say...thirty minutes. If you please, Mr. Clemens.

He shepherds the others out of the air-duct. Alone, Clemens considers the grizzly scene before him... Returns his attention to the corrosive burn.

CUT TO:



78 INT. E.E.V. - CONE OF SILENCE

78

Ripley rummages through the cramped space, moving debris, looking for something.  
Beneath some smashed and decimated equipment, secured within the bulkhead, she finds what she's after.  
Above a seal on the wall in bold letters, she reads:

FLIGHT RECORDER  
DO NOT BREAK SEAL

Wiping sweat from her eyes, she breaks the seal on the container.  
A modular black box appears from beneath the seal.  
She pries open a plate on the black surface and presses a button.  
She can see pulses on a meter in the box's face.  
Flight recorder still operational.  
Shutting it off, she puts it on the floor beside her.  
She studies the carnage in the cramped confines...  
Clemens appears, peering through the hole in the bulkhead:

CLEMENS

You know, wandering about without an escort is really going to piss Superintendent Andrews off...

RIPLEY

Screw him. What about the accident?

CLEMENS

Very bad, I'm afraid. One of the prisoners has been killed.

RIPLEY

How?

CLEMENS

Airshaft. Poor silly bastard backed into a six foot fan.

Pause.

CLEMENS

I found something at the accident site -- just a bit away from where it happened -- A mark, a burn...much like the one you found on the girl's cryotube.

Ripley just stares at him.

CLEMENS

I'm on your side. I want to help. But I'd like to know what's going on, or at least what you think is going on.

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

(re: box)

I need to know what happened here in the E.E.V., why we came down. If you really want to be helpful, find me a computer with audio capabilities so I can access this flight recorder.

CLEMENS

We don't have anything like that here.

RIPLEY

Where's Bishop?

CLEMENS

Bishop?

RIPLEY

The droid that crashed with me.

CLEMENS

I'll point you in the proper direction. I'm afraid I can't join you. I have an appointment.

CUT TO:

79 INT. CANDLEWORKS

79

Prisoners heat wax in vats and dip candles.  
Candles flicker everywhere.  
They hang from wicks in bunches.  
They gutter in bizarre glass molds shaped like gargoyle faces...  
Malcolm is helping Golic, Boggs and Rains load short fat candles into over-sized backpacks.  
Golic is stuffing food into his mouth.  
They are preparing to explore and forage among the abandoned mine shafts beneath the planet's surface.  
The three Prisoners climb into their backpacks.

MALCOLM

Golic?

GOLIC

Yeah?

MALCOLM

Light a candle for Murphy, will you?

GOLIC

I'll light a thousand...

(CONTINUED)

Golic and his two companions disappear into the ventilation shaft.

CUT TO:

80 INT. ANDREWS' QUARTERS

80

Clemens and Andrews seated across from each other at a small wooden table.

Andrews slowly pours tea.

Sugar? ANDREWS

Thank you. CLEMENS

Milk? ANDREWS

Yes, please. CLEMENS

Andrews suddenly explodes:

ANDREWS  
Listen to me, you piece of shit. You  
screw with me one more time and I'll cut  
you in half.

Clemens remains very calm...

CLEMENS  
I'm not sure I understand.

ANDREWS  
At 0-seven-hundred hours, I received  
word from the network. I may point out  
this is the first high-level communication  
this installation has ever received to my  
knowledge. They want this woman  
looked after. They made it very clear --  
they consider her to be very high priority.

Why? CLEMENS

(CONTINUED)

ANO 18180

ANDREWS

I have no idea -- Why'd you let her out of the infirmary? It's all connected to this accident. This is what happens when one of these dumb sons-of-bitches walks around with a hard on.

CLEMENS

I'm a doctor. Not a jailer.

ANDREWS

Don't hand me that. We both know exactly what you are...

Getting up, Clemens heads for the door.  
Andrews pounds his fist on the desk:

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Sit down!

CLEMENS

I think it might be better if I left. I find you very unpleasant to be around.

ANDREWS

You do? Isn't that lovely. Consider this, Mr. Clemens. How would you like me to have you exposed? Do you want your dirty little past made part of the general conversation here? Perhaps you'd like me to explain your sordid history to your new friend, Lieutenant Ripley? For her personal edification, of course...

(beat)

Now sit the hell down.

Clemens returns to his chair.

ANDREWS

I don't like you. You're unpredictable, insolent, possibly dangerous. You question everything and spend too much time alone. Always a bad sign.

(beat)

If I didn't need a medical officer, I wouldn't let you within light years of this operation.

CLEMENS

I'm very grateful.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREWS

Keep your sarcasms to yourself. Now, is there anything I should know?

CLEMENS

About what?

ANDREWS

About the woman. Don't play with me, Mr. Clemens. You spend every second you can with her. And I have my suspicions that not all of your concerns with her are medical...Has she said anything to you? Anything about where she's from? What her mission is? What the hell she was doing in an E.E.V.?

CLEMENS

She told me she was part of a combat team that came to grief. I assume beyond that it's all classified. I haven't pressed her for more.

ANDREWS

That's all.

CLEMENS

Yes.

ANDREWS

Nothing more?

CLEMENS

No.

ANDREWS

You're sure?

CLEMENS

Very sure.

Seething, Andrews studies his hands.  
There's obviously something Clemens is not telling him.

ANDREWS

Get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

Clemens rises, heads for the door.

ANDREWS

You and I find safety in the daily routine here. I'm not going to let it be interrupted. I'm not going to allow the animals to become agitated. Not by a woman. Not by accidents. Not by you.

CLEMENS

Whatever you say.

ANDREWS

Your loyalties are to this operation. And to your employer. Not to strangers. She will be gone someday and we will still be here. Do you understand?

CLEMENS

Yes. Your point is quite clear.

ANDREWS

I don't want trouble with our employers. I don't want trouble of any kind. So you keep an eye on the Lieutenant. Right?

CLEMENS

Right.

ANDREWS

Goodnight, Mr. Clemens.

CLEMENS

Goodnight, Superintendent.

Clemens leaves.

CUT TO:

81 EXT./INT. OPEN CYLINDER - REFUSE DUMP - NIGHT 81

As the wind shrieks...  
A gigantic pit stands open to the roaring sky.  
It's piled high with everything the prisoners have discarded.  
Standing on a mountain of rusted engines, pneumatic drills and other equipment --

82 RIPLEY 82

rummaging through miles of wires, tubing and parts.

(CONTINUED)

The wind tears her eyes.  
Stopping for a second, she sees...

83 A HAND

83

sticking out of a pile of some wiring.  
Realizing what she's looking at, she starts digging through the  
refuse at speed.  
Finally, she unearths the remains of --

84 BISHOP

84

The Android.  
He's a shambles.  
Most of his face and lower jaw are gone.  
Parts of his neck, left shoulder and back are intact.  
At the rear of his mouth is a small speaker.  
Grabbing some wire, Ripley starts stuffing them into a bag.

85 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY

Deep within the unexplored vastness of the complex.  
It's black as night.  
Illuminated by the light of his torch --  
Golic eyeballs a sign on the wall in front of him.  
Behind him, Rains lights a candle.  
Kneeling, he places it in a row that seems to crawl away forever  
into the dark.  
The flickering light reveals a hallway.  
A very long hallway.  
The sign on the wall above Golic reads:

TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL  
THIS SPACE HERMETICALLY SEALED

Boggs glances back at Rains.  
Kneeling, he studies a map at his feet.  
When he speaks, his voice echoes and re-echoes off the concrete  
walls.

BOGGS  
How many?

RAINS  
(checking notes)  
This makes a hundred and eighty-six.

Golic shoves some food in his mouth and chews, noisily.

(CONTINUED)

It's a big sound in the awesome, flickering silence.  
Irritated, Boggs turns on him.

BOGGS  
Can't you chew with your mouth closed?  
I'm trying to figure how big this  
compartment is. I can't think with all the  
Goddamn noise you're making.

RAINS  
You're not supposed to swear.

BOGGS  
Sorry..

Golic swallows.

BOGGS (CONT'D)  
Now...We've circled this entire  
compartment once.  
(turning)  
How many candles, again?

Boggs doesn't get an answer.  
He glances sideways at Rains.  
Rains is scratching himself furiously.  
Stares fixedly down the row of flickering candles.  
Golic follows his line of sight.  
Something very bizarre is happening .  
Every few seconds, one of the candles goes out.

BOGGS (CONT'D)  
What the shit is doing that?

GOLIC  
You're not supposed to swear.

BOGGS  
Shut up. It's okay to say shit. It's not  
against God.

RAINS  
What the hell is going on with the  
candles?

The three prisoners hold their torches high in the air.  
Try to see what's going on.  
No deal.  
Whatever's snuffing out the candles is too far away to be  
illuminated by the torches.

(CONTINUED)

ANO 18180



BOGGS

Must be a wind from one of the ventshafts  
-- backwash from the closest circulating  
unit. If all the candles go out, how're we  
going to know where we are?

RAINS

Somebody will have to go back and re-  
light 'em...

(beat)

I guess I'm nominated..

BOGGS

(turning)

Give him your torch.

Golic hands Rains his torch.  
Rains moves down the line of candles.  
His companions receding in the distance.  
His footsteps echo inside the hallway.  
Behind him, he hears Boggs:

BOGGS

(nervously)

Watch your step.

The words echo and reverberate within the enclosed space.  
Moving forward, Rains starts to sweat.  
Ahead, another candle goes out.  
Golic and Boggs are a long ways behind him, now .  
Only three more candles to go.  
Beyond, there's nothing but a black hole.  
Stopping at the last flickering candle, he raises his torch high in the  
air.  
There's nothing there.  
Relieved, he starts to relax.  
Then he realizes there's a massive glob of blackness off to his right.  
It's not reflecting the light from his torch.  
And it's moving.  
It's moving very fast.

rises up, directly in front of Rains.  
Now a fully mature creature.  
It moves with the speed of a big cat...  
In one blurred motion, it is upon him.  
Tears open his chest -- leaves a gapping hole in his abdomen.  
The last thing Rains hears is his own scream.

87 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - GOLIC - BOGGS

87

Three hundred yards behind, they'd hear Rains' agonized cry and watch the torch flicker out.  
Suddenly panicking, Boggs grabs the torch and takes off in the opposite direction.  
Golic charges after him.  
Rounding corners, charging through the blackness...  
A maze of ink-black passageways.  
Footsteps reverberate.  
Finally catching Boggs, Golic takes back the torch.  
Both men are exhausted, completely lost.  
Out of breath, unable to speak...  
Trying to collect himself, Golic stares around.  
Ahead, he see candles flickering in the dark.

BOGGS

(rasping)

We ran in a circle. We're back...

Lighting the torch, he peers around in the dark.  
Lambent light illuminates something horrible.  
Leaning against the wall, covered with blood --

88 RAINS

88

stares blankly at nothing, a look of abject terror frozen forever on his face.  
Boggs starts to get sick.  
He never finishes.  
Glancing up on the ceiling, Golic sees --

89 THE ALIEN

89

crawling across the ceiling like a spider.  
At the speed of thought, it leans down and rips off Boggs' head.  
Blood flies everywhere, splattering Golic in the face.  
His tunic drenched...  
Paralyzed with fear, Golic watches the Alien hurl Boggs' helpless body against the wall.  
Still hanging from the ceiling, it stops what it's doing and turns to Golic.  
Watching the thing, Golic wigs out.  
From this moment on, he will be forever bent.  
Screaming like a banshee, torch in hand, he runs away into the echoing dark...

CUT TO:

90 INT. INFIRMARY

90

Alone, Ripley studies the remains of Bishop.  
There's a battery pack in his left shoulder.  
She checks the connections.  
A spark sizzles.  
Using a cable, she connects a terminal in Bishop's smashed thorax  
to the black flight recorder.  
Instantly, Bishop's one eye blinks.  
A garbled sound comes out of the small speaker at the back of his  
mouth.  
Shoving her hand into his throat, she gives him an adjustment.  
Bishop's voice suddenly becomes audible.  
As he speaks, his eye wanders...

Ripley. BISHOP  
Hello, Bishop. Can you feel anything?

Yes. My legs hurt. BISHOP

I'm sorry that -- RIPLEY

It's okay. I'm just a glorified toaster --  
How are you? I like your new haircut... BISHOP

Can you access the data on the flight  
recorder? RIPLEY

No problem. BISHOP

She plugs the black box into a connection, wires it to his head.  
Bishop's one good eye opens and closes.  
What remains of his forehead wrinkles in concentration.

I'm home. BISHOP (CONT ' D)

What happened on the Sulaco? Why were  
the cryo-tubes ejected? RIPLEY

Seconds pass.

(CONTINUED)

Then, the sound of the female voice heard aboard the Sulaco just prior to separation, comes out of Bishop's voice box.

FEMALE VOICE (OS )

Fire in cryogenic compartment. Repeat.  
Fire in cryogenic compartment, All  
personnel report to --

RIPLEY

What started the fire, Bishop?

(no response)

Can you hear me?

BISHOP

The fire was electrical. It was in the  
subflooring...

RIPLEY

Did sensors detect any moving life form  
on the ship prior to separation?

BISHOP

It's very dark here, Ripley. I'm not what  
I used to be.

RIPLEY

Does the flight recorder indicate  
anything? Was there an Alien on board?

An eternity.

Ripley waits.

Bishop's eye rolls around in his head, focusing on God knows what.

BISHOP

Yes .

RIPLEY

Is it still on the Sulaco or did it come with  
us on the EEV?

BISHOP

It was with us all the way. It was in the  
little girl...she never had a chance.

RIPLEY

Does the company know?

BISHOP

The company knows everything that  
happened on the ship. It all goes into the  
computer and gets sent back to the  
network.

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY  
Do they want the Alien?

BISHOP  
I don't know. I'm not feeling very well.

Pause.

BISHOP  
I wish I could help you but I'm really not good for much.

RIPLEY  
I'll save your program. If I ever get out of here, they can wire you up again.

BISHOP  
No. I'm tired. Do me a favor. Just disconnect. I can be re-worked but I'll never be top of the line again. I'd rather be nothing.

RIPLEY  
You're sure?

BISHOP  
Do it for me, Ripley.

She pulls the wires.  
Bishop's head rolls onto its side...

CUT TO:

91 INT. INFIRMARY - CLOSE ON GOLIC

91

Golic is straight-jacketed into a wooden chair.  
Covered in blood and gore.  
Clemens tries to attend to him...  
Andrews, Aaron, Malcolm stand nearby.

GOLIC  
You pious assholes are all gonna die.  
Slaughtered like pigs. The beast has risen.  
It feeds on flesh. Nobody can stop it.

MALCOLM  
What about Boggs and Rains?

GOLIC  
I didn't do it. Slaughtered. It wasn't me.

ANDREWS

Stark raving mad. I'm not saying it was anyone's fault, but he should have been chained up.

AARON

You called it, sir. Mad as a fuckin' hatter.

ANDREWS

Keep him separated from the rest, I don't want him causing a panic. Clemens, sedate this poor idiot.

MALCOLM

Not until we know about the brothers...  
(turns to Golic)

Now pull yourself together, man, talk to me. Where are the brothers?

GOLIC

I didn't do it!

ANDREWS

Hopeless. You're not going to get anything out of him...Send out a search team. We'd better make sure this simple bastard hasn't murdered them.

Ripley enters.  
All eyes turn to her.

ANDREWS

Get her out of here! This is a private matter! I don't want anyone in here, least of all her! Mr. Clemens, see her out.

Clemens moves to Ripley's side, takes her back out into the corridor.

92 INT. CORRIDOR

92

Ripley and Clemens.

CLEMENS

The prisoner came out of the mine-shaft raving, covered with blood -- He's a psychopathic serial killer. He may have reverted to form and hacked up two fellow inmates.

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

Are you sure it was him?

CLEMENS

He's denying it. Claims that it was a beast of some kind.

RIPLEY

You remember the dream I had? The nightmare...

CLEMENS

Yes?

CUT TO:

On her look...

93 INT. ANDREWS QUARTERS

Andrews, Ripley, Clemens, Aaron.  
Andrews leans very close to Ripley's face.

ANDREWS

Let me see if I have this correct, Lieutenant. It's an eight foot insect of some kind with acid for blood and it arrived on your spaceship. It kills on sight and is generally unpleasant. And, of course, you expect me to accept all this on your word.

RIPLEY

No. I've met people like you before.

ANDREWS

I'll ignore that. Tell me, Lieutenant, what would you suggest we do?

RIPLEY

What kind of weapons have you got?

ANDREWS

This is a prison. It is not a good idea to allow prisoners access to firearms.

RIPLEY

No weapons of any kind?

ANDREWS

Sorry. We're on the honor system.

(CONTINUED)

ANG 8180<sup>93</sup>

RIPLEY

Then we're fucked.

ANDREWS

No. You're fucked. Confined to quarters. Aaron, pull yourself together and take her to Cell Block C. You'll have it all to yourself. I think you'll be safe from any large nasty beasts while you're there. Right? Yes, that's a good girl.

Pause.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Aaron, after escorting the Lieutenant to her new quarters, get going on organizing a search party.

AARON

Right, sir.

CUT TO:

94 INT. CELL BLOCK "C"

94

Deeply shadowed...  
Abandoned years before.  
Grey walls stained with age.  
Aaron escorts Ripley down a prison corridor cells on either side.  
He carries a bed-roll under one arm...

AARON

Just pick one. They're all the same.

She stops.  
Enters a cell.  
Aaron hands her the bed roll.

AARON

He didn't say anything about locking you up. The place is all yours.

He walks off.  
Stops.

AARON

There's some old magazines over there...

Moves off again.

95 RIPLEY

95

Looks around the small cell and immediate surroundings.

(CONTINUED)



Bleak.  
 Cot.  
 Wooden stool.  
 Basin.  
 Stained toilet.  
 She gives it a flush.  
 It works.  
 She goes to the basin.  
 Starts to wash up.  
 As she grabs the small towel and begins to dry...  
 An arm suddenly comes through the bars from behind and  
 grabs her around the neck.  
 Another arm grabs her shoulders.  
 Another arm reaches through, starts to fondle her private parts.  
 As she struggles...  
 TWO PRISONERS appear in the door of the cell, start to advance  
 on her.  
 Ripley breaks free of the arms...  
 Punches one man.  
 Kicks the other in the balls.  
 But...  
 An even larger prisoner appears in the doorway.  
 He reaches down, grabs the wooden stool  
 Jams it between the bars.  
 Yanks.  
 It shatters.  
 He now holds one of the stool legs as a club.  
 Two other prisoners appear just behind him.  
 The two Ripley knocked down start to get to their feet.

PRISONER WITH CLUB

Okay, lady...You can take it with a smile,  
 or you can take it with some lumps.  
 Anyway you want it...

Malcolm suddenly appears from behind.  
 Smacks the two prisoners in back.  
 The prisoner with the club turns --  
 tries to belt Malcolm -- Malcolm gut punches him, twists the club  
 away, then cracks him twice over the head with it -- the second  
 blow dropping him.

MALCOLM

(to the other prisoners)  
 You will not fornicate! You will not  
 rape! You will live up to your vow! You  
 are too close to heaven to turn around!

He hits one of them.

MALCOLM

I'm not going to let it happen!

(CONTINUED)

Hits another one.

MALCOLM  
You are too close to heaven to turn  
around now!

The prisoners cower.

MALCOLM  
Speak!

One prisoner croaks...

PRISONER #1  
The woman. We needed...

Malcolm blasts him over the head with the club.  
Looks at Ripley.

MALCOLM  
You okay?

RIPLEY  
Yeah. I guess so. Nothing hurt but my  
feelings.

MALCOLM  
Take off. I've got to re-educate some of  
the brothers. We're gonna discuss some  
matters of the spirit.

She starts to go.  
Passes one of the prisoners.  
Stops.  
Looks him in the eye.  
A long moment.  
Then she punches him in the mouth.

CUT TO:

96 INT. INFIRMARY

96

Ripley sits on a cot.

RIPLEY  
Isn't there any way off here? Some damn  
way to escape?

(CONTINUED)

CLEMENS

It's a prison. No way out. A supply ship comes once every six months.

RIPLEY

That's it?

CLEMENS

They are sending a ship to pick you up and investigate the whole mess. Quite soon, I gather.

RIPLEY

What's soon?

CLEMENS

I don't know. No one's ever been in a hurry to get here before.

Golic stands across the way in a corner, staring at the wall.  
He's gone catatonic.  
He's wearing a primitive looking straightjacket.

CLEMENS

How do you feel?

RIPLEY

Nauseous.

CLEMENS

Shock. Not unexpected, given the circumstances.

Clemens fills a syringe...

CLEMENS

I'd best give you another cocktail.

GOLIC

(mumbling)

It all starts with the sun. It starts with the light. It all comes out of the sun. It all ends with the sun...

CLEMENS

That's quite profound. Thank you, Golic.

Studying her face, he injects her with the syringe.  
In his straightjacket, Golic stares at nothing.  
Turning, he grins at Ripley.  
She looks away.

(CONTINUED)

CLEMENS  
Are you married?

RIPLEY  
(distracted)  
What?

CLEMENS  
Are you married?

RIPLEY  
Why?

CLEMENS  
Just curious.

RIPLEY  
No.

Pause.

RIPLEY  
Do you think I'm crazy?

CLEMENS  
About The Beast? I wouldn't say crazy.  
But I think you're over stressed after the  
crash.

Golic mumbles something incoherently.

RIPLEY  
My stomach hurts.

Glancing at Clemens, she seems to notice him for the first time.

RIPLEY  
What's your story?

CLEMENS  
Could you be a little more specific?

RIPLEY  
When I asked you how you got assigned to  
this shithole, you avoided the question. I  
understand how a second-rate dickhead  
like Andrews gets sent here, but you must  
have screwed up real bad...

(CONTINUED)

ANO 18180

CLEMENS

I did. After my student years, despite the fact that I had secretly become addicted to Morphine, I was considered most promising, I was on my first residency, did a 36 hour stretch in an E.R., went out, got drunk, got called back after a boiler had blown on a fuel station. Thirty patients. Eleven of them died when I prescribed the wrong dosage of pain killer. I got seven years in prison and my license reduced to a 3-C. While in prison I kicked my habit. And here I am.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry.

CLEMENS

About what happened? Yes, so am I.  
About the prison sentence, no, I deserved it...

Golic continues to mumble.

Ripley lies back on the cot.

Clemens moves next to her, dabbing her forehead with a wet towel.

CLEMENS

Are you all right? You don't look well.

RIPLEY

The dream I had...It was -- terrible. I keep going back to it. I can't shake it...

Buzz.

Intercom:

AARON'S VOICE

Let's all report to the Mess Hall. Mr. Andrews wants a meeting. Mess Hall, right away, gang...

The ALIEN suddenly drops down from the ceiling behind Clemens --

Rises to it's full height -- over eight feet --

Big, black, shiny-smooth head moves into the light.

It moves towards her, cable-like arms held out at its side -- moving out of sync with its feet -- Ripley tries to move, to cry out -- She can't.

The Alien moves up right behind Clemens -- He should feel its breath on his neck but he doesn't -- he doesn't turn -- the Alien --

97 TEARS HIS HEAD OFF!!

97

RIPLEY can't scream.  
Diaphragm pushes air out -- but no sound.  
The Alien moves closer to her.  
She can feel his breath --  
it evaporates the sweat on her forehead --  
a CHILL runs through her but she still can't move --  
The Alien stands alongside her bed.

GOLIC

Hey, you. Get over here. Lemme loose. I  
can help you. We can kill all these  
assholes.

The beast turns and looks at Golic, looks back at Ripley --  
Pulls itself back up into the overhead airshaft and is gone.

98 RIPLEY

98

Mouth agape.  
Scared shitless.

CUT TO:

99 INT. MESS HALL

99

Andrews stands before the assembled prisoners,  
Aaron seated nearby...

MALCOLM

Give us the strength, Oh Lord, to endure  
until the day. Amen.

The prisoners all raise their right fist...  
Andrews begins after ceremoniously clearing his throat.

ANDREWS

All right, once again this is rumor  
control. Here are the facts. At 0-four-  
hundred hours, prisoner Murphy, through  
carelessness on his part, was found dead in  
vent shaft seventeen. From the guidance  
gathered on the spot, he seems to have  
been caught by a strong air draft and got  
blown into the ventilator fan...

(CONTINUED)

He moves around the large room

# ANDREWS (CONT'D)

At 0-four-hundred hours, Prisoners Boggs, Rains and Golic left on a routine foraging mission into the underground network -- at about 0-seven hundred hours, prisoner Golic re-appeared in a deranged state. Prisoners Boggs and Rains are missing. Unfortunately, there seems to be a good chance that they have met with foul play at the hands of prisoner Golic. We need to organize and send out a search party. Volunteers will be appreciated.

Stops in front of the huge glass brick wall.  
Deeply shadowed.

# ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I think it's fair to say that our smoothly running facility has suddenly developed a few problems. I can only hope that we are able to all pull together in the next few days, until the rescue team arrives for Lieutenant Ripley...

Suddenly:

The glass brick wall EXPLODES into a million smithereens as the creature stands revealed.

Andrews turns...

Only to be snatched away by the retreating beast.

Both gone.

Boom!

Like that.

100 CORRIDOR

100

Ripley pulls open a door -- just in time to see the Alien pull Andrews' still kicking body up into an airshaft.  
She runs forward, tries to grab Andrews' legs.  
Pulls off a boot, as Andrews and the Alien disappear.

101 MESS HALL

101

Complete, utter silence from the assemblage.

(CONTINUED)

Malcolm rises -- then kneels...  
Begins to pray.

MALCOLM

We give you thanks, Oh Lord, your wrath  
has come and the time of the dead that we  
be judged. That you should reward your  
servants small and great.

CUT TO:

102 INT. LIBRARY

102

TWO PRISONERS in the back...

PRISONER #1

It was big. I mean big. And fast.

PRISONER #2

I saw it, asshole. I was there.

PRISONER #1

Yeah. But I mean it was big...

Aaron, Malcolm, the Prisoners...

AARON

According to her, it's some kind of  
parasite. It goes through stages, lives off  
its host until it can move around by itself.

MALCOLM

What do you mean host?

AARON

People.

MORSE

Great. How do we stop it?

Ripley sits off by herself, smoking a cigarette.

AARON

Off what she says, without state-of-the-art  
weaponry, you can't.

MORSE

Shit. Why didn't she give us, some kind  
of warning? This sucks. We don't even  
have a fuckin' medic now.

(CONTINUED)



MALCOLM  
Hey man, would you have believed her?

MORSE  
She still should have --

MALCOLM  
Shut up.

MORSE  
Well, okay -- I guess we're just supposed  
to stand around and let the goddamn thing  
slaughter us.

Ripley stands, moves to the group.

RIPLEY  
It's afraid of fire. Not much else...Can  
we seal off this area?

AARON  
No chance. The installation is two  
hundred miles square. There's six  
thousand air-ducts running to the surface.  
This goddamn place is big.

Prisoner Morse walks up to Ripley.

MORSE  
What the hell are we listening to her for?  
She's the one that brought the fucker.

MALCOLM  
Knock that crap off.

Morse is skating on thin ice.  
He decides to keep quiet.

AARON  
What do we do now?

All eyes on Ripley.

CUT TO:

103 INT. FILE ROOM

103

A large dingy room.  
Bulging file cabinets.

(CONTINUED)

Battered desks.  
Dog-eaten wall calendars of naked women.

104 AARON

104

Pulls open a drawer.  
Lifts out a schematic map and spreads it out on one of the beaten-up desk tops.

AARON  
Here's the layout of the whole place...I  
told you, it's big.

105 RIPLEY

105

Staring down at the layout.

RIPLEY  
It'll nest in one of the passageways or  
airshafts.

AARON  
Maybe we can go in, flush it out.

RIPLEY  
And do what?

AARON  
I dunno. Figure out some way to kill the  
bastard.

RIPLEY  
We can't fight it. So we're going to have  
to try and trap it.

AARON  
What do we use as bait?

She looks up from the map -- gives him a look...

CUT TO:

106 INT. LADDER-WELL - PRISON LEVEL

106

The corridor ends at a large shaft -- a rough hewn wooden ladder  
leads up and down.  
Years of damp air have warped the ladder.  
Ripley leans into the shaft.  
Smells like rot.  
She looks down.

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY  
What's down there?

AARON  
Air and water re-circulation.

RIPLEY  
Fusion?

AARON  
Yeah, but sealed away. This leads to the  
low tech stuff.

Ripley holds the torch up into the shaft.  
Flame only lights the first few meters.  
Ladder and walls GREEN with algae.  
Stretching up into the gloom.  
They climb...

ANO 10180

107 INT. SHAFT

107

They move up the ladder.  
Ripley leads the way.  
Every few meters there is a cross shaft or a hallway.  
She pauses before each level -- Pokes her torch into both sides --

108 BEHIND HER

108

The others bringing up the rear.  
Climbing single file they try to hold onto their torch at the same  
time. The footing is slippery --

Aaron's foot slips -- Malcolm loops his left arm around the ladder  
and catches Aaron's foot with his right hand.  
Pushes it back onto the rung.  
Aaron GRUNTS.

MALCOLM  
You all right?

AARON  
Fine -- just keep that torch out of my ass.

Ripley looks down at them as she climbs to the next level --  
then looks up at the cross-shaft opening before her --

109 THE ALIEN!!

109

Crouched at the mouth of the shaft.  
Long, shiny head reflecting flickering torchlight --  
Ripley SCREAMS --  
SWINGS her TORCH --  
HITS the creature --!  
It collapses.  
Crumbles in a shower of sparks.  
Just a husk.  
Dried.  
Empty.  
An Alien Exo-skeleton.

RIPLEY

Christ.

She steps off the ladder into the shaft.  
The others crowd the opening behind her.

AARON

What is it?

RIPLEY

It's shed it's skin...I've never seen this  
before.

MALCOLM

What's it mean?

RIPLEY

It's bigger.

CUT TO:

110 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY

110

Engulfed in an echoing sea of blackness, Ripley, Malcolm ,  
Aaron...  
They hold torches, stand before a familiar sign on the wall.

TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL  
THIS SPACE HERMETICALLY SEALED

AARON

Never been used. They were gonna dump  
a lot of nuclear crap in there -- store it in  
drums. They never got around to it, it's  
clean as a whistle in there.

(CONTINUED)

The precise spot where Boggs found the skin, and candles started going out.  
A huge door leads into the disposal...

RIPLEY  
(re: door)  
This is the only way in or out?

AARON  
That's right.

RIPLEY  
Walls six feet thick?

AARON  
Solid steel.

RIPLEY  
Let's get this right -- You get something in there and close the door, no way it can get out?

AARON  
Right. No fuckin' way.

Ripley glances down at the map.

RIPLEY  
If we can get it to chase us down these passageways, close them off one at a time, we might get it inside...

AARON  
Bull shit. It could be anywhere. There's a hundreds of miles of black out there.

RIPLEY  
It'll find us. Big question is, who does the running?

Ripley moves to the enormous door...  
Breaks the seal on a control box and pushes a button.

111 THE GIANT DOOR

111

slides open with amazing speed.  
Ripley, Malcolm and Aaron stare through the door.  
Empty chamber within...

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

You're sayin' we got a shot to beat it?

RIPLEY

Not much. But I can tell you if we don't do anything, it reproduces. We'll have fifty of them, then six hundred...We're all dead if we just stand here with our thumb up our hiney.

MALCOLM

We're all dead anyway, sister. And we ain't exactly giving up the garden of paradise here.

CUT TO:

112 INT. LIBRARY

112

All the prisoners.  
Malcolm at the center.  
No Ripley. No Aaron.

ANO 18180

MALCOLM

This is what we have been waiting for. This is the sign. This means the last days are near. This is The Beast from the book. Okay, this motherfucker is out there and he's a killer. You saw it. And they want us to be bait, you get it? Bait. You are all going to die. I am going to die. No question about that. The question is will you be redeemed? I say that those that die go straight to the promise. In dying, we meet our salvation. This big motherfucker means the final days are here. We are close to the promise. Okay, who wants to die first?

All the prisoners raise their right hands.  
Roar in approval of Jihad.

MALCOLM

Those who die first go straight to the promise!

More shouting by the prisoners.

CUT TO:

## 113 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER ONE

113

On the outer perimeter of the maze.  
A prisoner holds a torch overhead and paces nervously in the dark.  
To his right is an open doorway.  
Opposite the doorway, the passageway turns left ninety degrees.  
With him are two other prisoners. Nervously, Prisoner #1 glances  
at one of them:

PRISONER #1

(re: door )

The second I step through that fuckin'  
door, you close the motherfucker. You  
got it?

(Prisoners nod)

Okay. Let's try this sucker again..

The two Prisoners step inside the door.  
Prisoner #1 steps through.  
The door slams shut.  
Seconds later, the door opens.  
Prisoner #1 steps back into the passageway.

PRISONER #1

Okay. I'm ready! Let's lunch the son of  
a bitch!

WHAM!

He butts his bald head on the door.

## 114 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER TWO

114

Fifty yards from where Prisoner #1 is waiting,  
Morse chewing his nails by a similar door.  
Two more prisoners wait with him.

## 115 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER THREE

115

One step closer to the toxic waste container.  
A BIG PRISONER and three companions wait by a pneumatic  
door.  
Try to remain calm in the oppressive darkness.  
One of the prisoners, scared shitless...

BIG PRISONER

Easy, Brother.

## 116 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER FOUR

116

This leg of the relay belongs to Aaron.  
He's got two Prisoners with him.  
Avoiding his companions, Aaron sits by himself.  
A SOUND.  
He gets to his feet, staring into the murky blackness.

AARON

What was that?

No answer.  
Petrified, everybody eyeballs the air-duct.  
It creaks.  
Something's moving in there.  
It's getting closer.  
Aaron is ready to run.  
Just before he does...

ANO 18180

## 117 A PRISONER

117

Sticks his head out of the air-duct.  
In the light of the torches, he grins hideously:

PRISONER

You guys got anything to eat over there?

## 118 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER FIVE

118

TWO PRISONERS -- both have torches.  
Prisoner #3 sweats like a bandit...

PRISONER #3

You believe in this heaven shit?

PRISONER #4

I dunno.

PRISONER #3

Yeah. Fuck it.

PRISONER #4

Right. We're here.

PRISONER #3

Yeah, ain't that the truth...Well, hey, what  
the fuck -- right?

He laughs.  
His laughter hits the walls and booms back, amplified, distorted...



119 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER SIX

119

The last leg of the relay.  
In torchlight, Ripley and Malcolm wait ...  
Malcolm snaps a rubber band on his wrist.

MALCOLM

(re: band)

I put this on a few years back to remind  
me that I wasn't perfect.

Pause.

MALCOLM

You miss the doc, right?

RIPLEY

I didn't know him very well.

MALCOLM

I thought you two got real close.

RIPLEY

I guess you've been looking through some  
keyholes.

MALCOLM

(smile)

That's what I thought.

Unexpectedly, she is hammered by a tidal wave of nausea.  
It rolls up through her body, grabbing her by the throat and  
shaking her to the core.  
Leaning on the wall, she gags and coughs at the same time.  
Malcolm is at her side in an instant, trying to hang on to her.  
Fighting for air, she shoves him away.

MALCOLM

You okay?

RIPLEY

Yeah.

Sweating profusely, she looks away.

MALCOLM

You don't look okay to me, sister.

Before she can answer, the torpid air is pierced by an ears-splitting  
SCREAM...

ANO 18180

## 120 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER ONE

120

All hell is breaking loose.  
The Alien's got one of the Prisoners and is butchering him alive.  
The guys' screams are enough to wake the dead.  
Waving his torch at the bloody scene, Prisoner #1 bellows at the top of his lungs:

PRISONER #1  
Here I am you bastard! Come and  
get me!

Spotting him, the Alien tosses away the prisoner's body and charges.  
Turning, Prisoner #1 races back up the passageway as fast as he can go.  
Footsteps and screams explode in the confined space.  
The Alien, a dark blur, closing ground with frightening speed...  
Rounding a corner, Prisoner #1 sprints for his pneumatic door.  
At the last second, he rockets through the door and it slams shut.  
The Alien hits the door with terrifying power.  
Concussion from the impact reverberates down the passageway...  
The steel bends but holds.

## 121 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER SIX

121

Ripley stands with torch in hand, looks at Malcolm...

RIPLEY  
The first time I met up with this thing, it  
killed my whole crew. And I survived.  
The next time, it killed a different crew,  
marines, killed all of them, and I  
survived.

Pause.

MALCOLM  
How about now? You still feel lucky?

## 122 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER TWO

122

Morse and the two prisoners stare in horror into the darkness.  
Disjointed screams and strange echoes ricochet off icy walls...  
Morse hears Prisoner #1's voice buried in the jangled din:

PRISONER #1(OS)  
In the air-duct...air...duct...

(CONTINUED)

Morse turns to one of the prisoners.

MORSE  
What the fuck!! Did he say air-duct?!  
Did he say fuck?! What the fuck did he  
say?!!!

PRISONER  
I dunno.

Morse has no time to think.  
The Alien explodes out of an air-duct behind a prisoner to his left  
and RIPS the man's head off.

REMAINING PRISONER  
It's going the wrong way!

MORSE  
What?

REMAINING PRISONER  
We have to turn it around!

Shrieking in agony, the Remaining Prisoner discovers exactly what  
his insides look like...  
Morse takes off like a shot --

123 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER THREE

123

The Big Prisoner and his companions wait, listening to the sound  
from up ahead.  
Suddenly, Morse appears alone, screaming:

MORSE  
It's right behind me! It's right behind  
me!

Like a flash, he charges through the pneumatic door.  
It slams shut behind him.  
Turning, The Big Prisoner starts running down the right-angle  
corridor...  
Another leg in a relay against death.

124 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER SIX

124

Screams and shouts come from all directions.  
It's disorienting.  
Malcolm and Ripley wait, trying to make sense out of what they  
hear.

## 125 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER THREE 125

The Big Prisoner thunders through the blackness.  
In the darkness behind him, he can hear something moving.  
It's getting closer with each passing second.

Ahead, he spots Aaron and the other Prisoners in the torchlight.  
His face glistens with sweat.  
Every muscle in his body strains.

## 126 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER FOUR 126

Aaron watches The Big Prisoner hurl himself through the  
pneumatic door.  
It slams shut.  
The race is on.  
Screaming, Aaron charges about fifty yards into the dark and stops.  
Raising his torch, he looks behind him up the passageway.  
It's empty.

## 127 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER SIX

As the echoes die, Ripley can barely make out the sound of Aaron's  
voice:

AARON ( OS )  
It's not here. It's gone!

RIPLEY  
Shit!

## 128 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER FIVE 128

Prisoners #3 and #4 also hear Aaron's voice and exchange  
horrified glances.  
Before they can do anything, the Alien explodes out of an air-duct  
above their heads and rips a hole in Prisoner #3's chest.  
Groaning, he dies without a sound.  
It's Prisoner #4 that's making all the racket.  
Splattered with blood, he takes off screaming...

## 129 PASSAGEWAY NUMBER SIX 129

Ripley stands in the shadows by the open door.  
She hears Prisoner #4's screams.  
Suddenly, the Alien appears moving at the speed of sound.  
Holding her torch, Ripley jumps back --  
Passing Malcolm in a blur, the Alien thunders after her.

(CONTINUED)

Ripley races for the open door of the container.  
 She can hear the thing behind her.  
 It's gaining rapidly.  
 Up ahead, the door's twenty yards away.  
 Ten yards away.  
 Suddenly, she stumbles, falling head over heels onto the concrete.  
 The torch skids away on the slippery floor.  
 The Alien rockets by, skitters to a stop and turns.  
 It's all over.  
 But something weird happens.  
 The beast just looks at her.  
 Doesn't move on her.  
 Just looks.  
 Then, at the very last second...

130 PRISONER #4

races into view...  
 Pounding past Ripley on the floor, he slams into the Alien...  
 Waving his torch and sprints at the door leading to the waste  
 container:  
 Enraged, the Alien gives chase.

PRISONER #4

Close the door on me! No time!

As he disappears into the container, the Alien hits him in the back  
 like a cannonball.  
 Both of them disappear into the darkness.  
 Appearing from the shadows. Malcolm shuts the door.  
 The Alien and Prisoner #4 are trapped inside.  
 For a moment, nothing happens.  
 Ripley gets to her feet.  
 Exhausted, bloody and dazed, Prisoners stagger out of the dark...  
 Stare at the closed door.  
 Aaron is with them.  
 Unexpectedly, from within the container, the sound of Prisoner  
 #4's sacrifice.  
 A terrifying bloody shriek.  
 Abruptly, the scream stops.  
 An eerie silence descends.  
 It's so still, Ripley can hear the sound of her own heart.  
 Then, from within the chamber, a weird clattering...  
 Like ragged claws skittering back and forth over cold steel.  
 Trapped inside, the Alien is hunting for a way out.  
 Finally, the skittering stops.

RIPLEY

It's not over.

(CONTINUED)

AARON

What are you talking about? We got the  
bastard trapped.

A long look between Aaron and Ripley.  
Unexpectedly, the silence is shattered by an ear-splitting  
CONCUSSION.  
Horried, everybody stares at --

131 THE DOOR

131

A huge convex dent the size of a car has appeared in the reinforced  
steel.  
A terrifying echo cannonades away forever in the dark.  
Suddenly, there's a second, even more devastating concussion..  
The ground under Ripley's feet shudders.  
Another convex indentation appears on the surface of the door...  
Bigger than the first.

AARON

Son of a bitch. That's a steel door.

Malcolm watches Ripley.  
She stares at the door in some kind of trance.  
Another dent appears.  
Ears ring.  
Finally a long silence.  
On Ripley's face:

CUT TO:

132 INT. LIBRARY

132

A prisoner plays a gospel song on an old battered piano.  
A small choir hums the tune as...

MALCOLM

(speaking to the  
congregation)

Rejoice! Even for those who have fallen,  
this is a time of rejoicing. We salute their  
courage. And they have their reward,  
they are in a far better place. They will  
live forever. Rejoice! Those who are  
dead are not dead. They have moved up!  
They have moved higher! Rejoice!

He joins the congregation in song.

133 GALLERY

133

Ripley and Aaron look down at the religious ceremony.

AARON

Fuckers are crazy. But it keeps 'em quiet.  
They're hung up on this religious crap.

Pause.

AARON

I figure rescue team gets here in four,  
five days, six tops. They go in there with  
smart guns and kill the bastard. Right?

RIPLEY

Have you heard anything from them?

AARON

Naw. We just got a message received.  
Later we got something that said you were  
top-priority -- They don't cut us in on  
much. We're the ass-end of the totem  
pole out here.

RIPLEY

Look -- if the company wants to take the  
thing back...

AARON

Take it back? Are you kiddin'? They  
gotta kill it.

RIPLEY

Right.

CUT TO:

134 INT. INFIRMARY

134

Golic still straight-jacketed...  
Guarded by Morse

GOLIC

Hey, Morse...

Morse just looks at him.

GOLIC

Let me out of this thing.

(CONTINUED)

MORSE  
No fucking way.

GOLIC  
C'mon man, it hurts.

MORSE  
Sorry.

GOLIC  
I didn't do nothing.

MORSE  
Don't talk to me.

GOLIC  
What'd I do? Just tell me what'd I do?

MORSE  
I'll tell you what I'm going to do, I'm gonna guard your ass just like I was ordered. I don't want no trouble with Malcolm.

GOLIC  
All I did was tell about the dragon. What it did to Boggs and Rains. I wasn't lying. You saw it.

MORSE  
Fuckin' A. It was big.

GOLIC  
Let me loose, man. What if it gets in here? I couldn't even run. I'd be dead meat.

MORSE  
It's not going to get in here. We got it trapped.

GOLIC  
Then what's the big deal? Come on, man, let me loose.

Pause.

MORSE  
Fuck it. Why not? But behave yourself. No fuckin' around or I'll get nothin' but shit.

ANO 18180

(CONTINUED)



Morse starts to free the straps.

GOLIC  
Hey, no problem. Trust me, buddy.

Golic is now free.

GOLIC  
Where they got it?

MORSE  
Up in the waste tank. We got that sucker  
nailed down. I mean tight.

Golic swings his arms -- gets his circulation back...

GOLIC  
I got to see it again. It's the dragon of  
God. It's in the book.

MORSE  
What the fuck you talkin about?

SMACK! SMACK!  
Golic hammers him down and out.  
Two punches.

GOLIC  
It's in the book.

He wanders off.

CUT TO:

135      INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE      135

FURY 361 - CLASS C - PRISON UNIT -  
12037154 - REPORT DEATH OF SUPT.  
ANDREWS, MEDICAL OFFICER CLEMENS,  
MANY PRISONERS...

136      INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM      136

Ripley hovers over Aaron as he types into the Dat-scan.

AARON  
Okay. We got the first part -- now what  
do I say?

RIPLEY  
Tell them we trapped it.

(CONTINUED)

AARON  
Right. What do we call it?

RIPLEY  
A Xenomorph.

AARON  
Right. How do you spell it?

RIPLEY  
Here...

She elbows him aside.

137 INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

HAVE TRAPPED XENOMORPH. REQUEST  
PERMISSION TO TERMINATE.

138 COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

138

AARON  
We can't kill it. We don't have any  
weapons.

RIPLEY  
We don't have to tell them that.

AARON  
Then why tell 'em?

An answer starts coming back.

139 INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

139

TO: FURY 361 - CLASS C - PRISON UNIT -  
1237154 - FROM NETWORK COMCON 01500  
- WEYLAND - YUTANI - MESSAGE RECEIVED.

AARON (V.O.)  
See, that's all they ever tell us. Treat us  
like shit.

More type coming in...

RESCUE UNIT TO ARRIVE IN 12  
HUNDRED HOURS -- PERMISSION  
DENIED TO TERMINATE XENOMORPH  
REPEAT -- PERMISSION DENIED.

140 RIPLEY

140

RIPLEY  
Shit. I knew it.

CUT TO:

141 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY

141

A torch is planted in a crack in the concrete wall.  
Flickering light illuminates the battered door.  
It's dented all to hell but still intact.  
Silence from within the container.  
Some distance away on the very edge of the light...  
Two prisoners sit on the ice cold floor.  
Another stands nearby.  
Golic approaches.

ANO 18180

GOLIC  
Okay. Off and on. I gotta get in there.

Prisoners #2 and #3 stand.

PRISONER #2  
What the hell's he talkin' about?

PRISONER #3  
Fucker's crazy.

GOLIC  
I just need to go on in there and see The  
Beast. We got a lot of shit to talk over.  
It's all in the book. I gotta go in there.

PRISONER #1  
You ain't goin' in there, shithead. Big  
motherfucker eat you alive.

PRISONER #2  
Plus you let that fucker out, kiss our ass  
goodbye.

Golic suddenly lifts a club and smashes the man in the head.  
A brief bloody struggle.  
BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, he lays the three prisoners out.

GOLIC  
I say somethin' -- you guys oughta learn  
to pay attention.

142 GOLIC

142

He eyeballs the battered door.  
Silence.  
Golic giggles, cocks his head...  
Listening for a moment, moves to the door.  
Still chuckling, he starts fiddling with the control.  
Finding the right button, he pushes it.  
Somewhere, gears whine.  
Steel scrapes on steel.  
The smashed door swings partially open and gets stuck.  
An ominous darkness is waiting within.  
Straining, Golic tries to get the door open all the way.  
He puts his entire body into it.  
More scraping.  
Finally, the door opens completely.  
Golic peers into the darkness.  
Nothing.  
Silence.

ANO 18180

GOLIC (CONT'D)

Okay. Just tell me what you want. Just  
tell me what to do, brother.

More silence.  
Shrugging, he walks inside.  
Disappears into the dark.  
A long moment...  
Then a terrible scream.  
It's the last step he'll ever take.

CUT TO:

143 INT. CELL BLOCK

143

Malcolm sits on his cell cot -- the barred door stands open.  
Ripley stands facing him.  
Malcolm smokes a huge rasta bomber and thumbs his one long  
dreadlock.

MALCOLM

You're tellin' me the man's comin' to take  
this thing away?

RIPLEY

They'll try. They don't want to kill it.  
We've got to figure out some way to  
finish it off before they get here.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

Sister, I lost a lot of the faithful trappin' the motherfucker. Me and my brothers ain't gonna be the ones goin' in there and hittin' it with a stick.

Pause.

Malcolm takes a drag.

MALCOLM

Why do we have to kill it? You just said the company's coming for it.

RIPLEY

That's right. They're going to take it back to earth.

MALCOLM

What's wrong with that?

RIPLEY

It'll destroy it. They can't control it. It'll kill them all.

MALCOLM

Like I said, what's wrong with that?

BANG!

The cell block door opens.

Morse enters.

MORSE

Hey, Malcolm!

CUT TO:

144 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY

144

Sometime later.

Ripley and the others have arrived.

Thunderstruck, Prisoners stare at the open door, paralyzed with fear.

Aaron stands beside Ripley.

The bodies of the three prisoners Golic killed lie close by...

AARON

This cuts it. God damn dumb son of a bitch let it loose. Now what the fuck are we gonna do? Andrews was right we should have kept the shithead chained up.

(turning)  
What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

She's sick again.

Leaning on the wall for support, she struggles to get her breath.  
Holding a torch, Malcolm appears with Morse and two Prisoners.

MORSE

It's loose out there. Now what the fuck  
are we gonna do?

AARON

I just said that. You're the dumb prick  
that let Golic go. You miserable little  
shit.

Wham!

He flattens Morse.

Malcolm grabs Aaron.

MALCOLM

You don't be doin' that. You get me?

AARON

Then tell your fuckin' bozo to shape up!

Malcolm pushes Aaron away...

MALCOLM

(to Ripley)

What do you think?

Ripley's head is killing her.

Leaning on the wall, Ripley struggles against nausea.

RIPLEY

I need to get to the E.E.V.

AARON

Yeah -- Okay. No problem. Why?

RIPLEY

The neuroscanner, I want to use the CAT  
scan...

MALCOLM

What the hell's wrong with you, sister?  
You don't look so good.

CUT TO:

145 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

145

The E.E.V. still sits on the hangar floor, strangely vulnerable and

(CONTINUED)

unprotected in the teeming gloom.  
Light flickers, dims and surges again.  
Shadows move.  
It's spooky as hell.  
Whispered voices from within the vehicle:

146 INT. EEV

146

With difficulty, Ripley crawls into a cryo-tube.  
Malcolm watches.  
Crouched in a cramped space to her right, Aaron works a small  
keyboard, staring down at a display screen.  
A menu pops onto the screen.  
He stares at it:

AARON  
What do I do now?

RIPLEY  
Hit either 'B' or 'C'. What's 'C'?

AARON  
Display bio-functions.

RIPLEY  
That's it.

Aaron hits the keyboard.  
Ripley forces her body into the cryo-tube.  
It's a very tight fit.  
Claustrophobic as hell.  
Every instinct she has is yelling at her to get the hell out of there  
and run.  
He goes back to work on the keyboard.  
Above Ripley's head, inside a panel, a motor whines.  
It scares the hell out of her.  
Haunted, she closes her eyes.  
Aaron watches the display monitor.  
A picture of Ripley's head appears on the screen.

AARON  
Okay. What am I supposed to be lookin'  
for? I don't know how to read this shit.

RIPLEY  
If it's there, you'll know it when you see  
it.

Rapidly changing digital information and additional medical data  
are superimposed on the image.  
Aaron works the keyboard.

(CONTINUED)

An unseen scanner begins moving down Ripley's body.  
 Her neck and shoulders appear.  
 Aaron wipes sweat from his brow.  
 He stares at the image on the display as it reveals the interior of  
 Ripley's thorax.  
 He opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.

AARON  
 Holy shit...what the fuck is that?

Pause.

MALCOLM  
 You're carryin' it.

147 A BABY QUEEN ALIEN

147

is clearly revealed, growing inside Ripley's chest.  
 An embryonic head hangs down toward the pelvis.

RIPLEY  
 What's it look like?

AARON  
 Fuckin' horrible.

RIPLEY  
 Adjust the mirror. I've got to take a  
 look..

MALCOLM  
 I don't think you want to.

RIPLEY  
 Do it.

Aaron adjusts the patient-mirror...  
 She takes a long look.

RIPLEY  
 Okay.

Punching a button, he shuts off the scanner.

AARON  
 Right. Let's get you out of here.

(NOTE: RIPLEY'S SOLILOQUY WILL BE INSERTED HERE.  
 TO BE WRITTEN)

CUT TO:



148 INT. MESS HALL

148

MALCOLM

Give us strength O Lord, to endure. Until  
the day. Amen.

The remaining prisoners are assembled.  
They all raise their right fist...  
Aaron clears his throat --  
He's attempting to take on Andrews' mantle of leadership.  
Ripley is nowhere in sight.

AARON

Okay men, rumor control. I guess you all  
know what's goin' on. We're doin' our  
best...

Prisoner voices --

PRISONERS

Bite this! Sit down! Booo! Shut the fuck  
up! Get hosed! What the shit do you  
know?! Blow me! Eat it!!

Malcolm stands.  
Calms the group.

MALCOLM

This is rumor control.

(smile)

Okay brothers. It's loose again, it's out  
here. There is good news, a rescue team  
is on the way with guns and shit. Right  
now, there ain't no place that's real safe.  
Ripley says the son of a bitch may be  
afraid of fire, so you might hang out at  
the smelter. In any case -- lay low. Be  
ready and stay right, in case your time  
comes. I'm goin' to my cell for some  
solitude. If you need me, call me...

149 INT. CELL BLOCK

149

Malcolm walking alone down the corridor.  
Passing the empty cells.  
His footfalls echo...  
Malcolm stops before an open-doored cell.  
Looks in at Ripley.

MALCOLM

Hello, sister.

(CONTINUED)

Pause

RIPLEY

The thing that's inside me is a queen. It has to be, otherwise it would have come out by now. I've seen how they work. It's not very pretty. So it's going to be a queen. An egg layer. Millions of eggs. It's not like the one that's out there running around loose. I don't know how long this thing takes to gestate.

MALCOLM

How did it get inside you?

RIPLEY

While I was in hypersleep. I guess the horrible dream I had wasn't exactly a dream.

MALCOLM

You got raped.

RIPLEY

Yeah. Pure and simple. And I get to be the mother of the mother of the apocalypse.

MALCOLM

What are you gonna do?

RIPLEY

I've got to kill it.

MALCOLM

How you figure on doin' that?

RIPLEY

Simple. Except I can't do what I should -- so you've got to help me. You've got to kill me.

MALCOLM

Me?

RIPLEY

You.

MALCOLM

You're just bullshittin'.

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

You don't get it. I'm dead anyway. So are you. This thing inside me can generate thousands more. This thing can wipe out the whole universe. It has to die.

MALCOLM

There's still that big one out there. Long as he's alive, you ain't savin' no universe.

RIPLEY

I don't care about that one. You kill it. I can't stand to have this thing inside me for another minute. You're supposed to be a killer -- kill me.

A long moment.

Then...

He goes to the cell across the way.

His cell.

Reaches under the cot.

Lifts a fire-axe.

MALCOLM

I keep this around in case the backsliders get out of hand.

Ripley stands.

Walks into the corridor.

RIPLEY

Just do it. No speeches.

Turns her back on Malcolm.

He raises the axe.

Hesitates.

RIPLEY

It has to be killed. Don't think of it as me.

MALCOLM

You're really pushin' me, sister.

RIPLEY

Come on, do it! You told me you were a killer -- do it. Just do it.

A long moment.

Then he swings the axe full force.

Drives it into the wall next to her head.

She turns.

AWO 18180

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

You're not doing me any favors! This has to be done!

MALCOLM

Sorry. I can't. I am a new person. I have taken the vow.

Pause.

MALCOLM

I now know for certain that it is real. I have murdered without provocation a hundred times. But you have shown me. I am new. I am whole. I am prepared.

Tears the axe back out of the wall.  
Turns and walks off.

RIPLEY

Where are you going?

Turns back.

MALCOLM

I want to be with the books.

Continues moving away.

Amo 18180

150 INT. COMMUNICATION ROOM - COMPUTER ANNEX 150

Ripley taps out the five-digit code.  
Runs her thumb against the identiprint.  
The inner door opens  
Data banks come to life.  
She sits at the console.  
Thinks for a moment.  
Then punches up a code.  
Nothing happens.

RIPLEY

Shit!

Punches another combination.  
Nothing happens.  
The Comm door SLAMS open --  
It's Aaron.

RIPLEY

I need to get a line back to the Network.

AARON

Okay. Why?

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

I want to tell them this whole place has gone toxic.

AARON

Are you kiddin'? Then they won't come here. The rescue team'll turn back.

RIPLEY

That's right.

AARON

What are you talkin' about? Our only hope is that they kill this fucker. And maybe they can do something for you. Freeze you -- do an operation. They got the technology...

RIPLEY

If it gets off this planet, it'll kill everything. We can't let the company come here. They'll try to take it back with them.

AARON

Fuck you. I'm sorry you got this thing inside you, lady, but I want to get rescued. I don't give a shit about these meatball prisoners, but I got a wife and kid. I go back on the next rotation.

RIPLEY

Look -- I know this is hard, but I've got to send a message back. I need the code.

AARON

Sorry, babe. It's classified.

RIPLEY

Look, shithead, it's got to be done!

AARON

No fuckin' way, Lady. Not without killin' me first!

Pause.

Ripley sits down.

RIPLEY

I tried to get Malcolm to kill me.

(CONTINUED)

AARON

Why? So the thing inside you would die?

She nods.

AARON

Right. No problem. I'll tell you what, if that's what you want, you kill the big bastard -- I'll put your lights out. I'll even do it real painless. Promise. Nothin' personal you understand. I think you're okay.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

AARON

Got any ideas?

Ripley pours herself a glass of water.

RIPLEY

It won't kill me.

AARON

Oh yeah. Why?

RIPLEY

It can't nail me without killing the new queen.

AARON

You really want to bet this thing's that smart?

RIPLEY

It could've killed me twice. But it didn't.

AARON

If it can't kill you -- then I'm stickin' real close. You're the best shot I got.

RIPLEY

I'm going to go find it. If it can't kill me then maybe I can just walk up to it. Shove a torch down its mouth. Hit it between the eyes with an axe. Kick it in the nuts. Something. The worst thing that can happen is...it kills me.

(smile)

Right?

(CONTINUED)

AARON  
Great. Where you gonna get an axe?

RIPLEY  
Malcolm...Don't forget your promise. If  
I kill it -- you kill me.

AARON  
I promise.

CUT TO:

151 INT. LIBRARY

151

The place is deserted, except for Malcolm and Morse.  
Morse scratches furiously.

MALCOLM  
What's the matter with you?

MORSE  
Nothing.

MALCOLM  
Why you scratching yourself?

MORSE  
Damn lice. They're all over the stacks  
back there.

MALCOLM  
Bullshit. This Library gets sterilized  
every two days. No way any surface lice  
could get in here...

Voice trailing away, he stares at Morse.

MORSE  
Oh man...

MALCOLM  
(whispering)  
Be still.

Morse freezes.

MORSE  
I ain't ready to die!

MALCOLM  
Then get out.

(CONTINUED)

ANO 18180

MORSE

No fucking way.

MALCOLM

Listen to me you little piss ant. I spent half my life in prison before I became a believer. It means the whole ball of wax...I believe in the prophecy.

MORSE

So do I, but -- I ain't ready to die.

MALCOLM

Either get your doubting ass out of here or start praying. I need my strength.

Malcolm shoves him down.

In the ghostly, flickering incandescence, Malcolm begins to pray softly.

Eyes closed, Morse starts to pray with Malcolm.

MORSE

I am a believer. The light is my help. The light is my stronghold. I shall see no evil.

MALCOLM

When evil draws near, it is evil that will fail. My body will be taken, but never my spirit. Send us the One Who Will Come.

While Malcolm and Morse continue to pray...

High above, at the very top of the stacks, something is moving.

152 A SHADOW

152

slips out of the air-duct.

Attaches itself to the outside of the elevator shaft.

Starts to descend.

Far below, the Prisoners' voices:

MORSE

It is the light I seek. My eyes are closed to evil. Send us the One Who Will Come.

Something hits the floor behind them.

MALCOLM

It'll be okay. Just keep your eyes closed.  
(praying louder)

(CONTINUED)





MALCOLM (CONT'D)

For I will be safe on the Day of The Beast. My body will be taken, but never my spirit. I am in your hands. I am ready to be judged.

Something rises up in front of Morse.  
Behind closed eyes, he can feel the change in light...  
To his right, Malcolm prays louder than ever:

MALCOLM

Although evil surrounds me, I shall offer within a sacrifice of pure joy. My body will be taken, but never my spirit.

Morse tries to pray, but can't.  
He opens his eyes...

153 THE ALIEN

153

Looming over him, drooling horribly.

154 MORSE

154

Screams.  
Bolts for the door.  
Unlocks it...  
Runs through.

MALCOLM ( CONT'D)

I am ready to be judged!

Now shouting, Malcolm keeps his eyes closed...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

The Beast has made me dwell in darkness, like the dead, long forgotten. I will fear no evil!

His voice cracks and trails off into nothingness.  
He's pushed his faith to the edge.

155 IN THE HALLWAY - OPPOSITE MORSE'S DOOR

155

Rounding a corner, Ripley and Aaron appear...  
Ripley moves to a plexiglass window.

1450 73 180

## 156 IN THE LIBRARY 156

Sitting on the floor, Malcolm opens his eyes and sees Ripley.  
 She's SCREAMING something, but he can't hear.  
 He glances over his shoulder, spotting the Creature.  
 Malcolm SUDDENLY LIFTS HIS AXE, smashes at The Beast.  
 Slices through one of its forelegs.  
 In a flash, the Alien strikes...

## 157 IN THE HALLWAY - RIPLEY 157

Watching through the Plexiglass...  
 Grabbing a fire extinguisher from the wall, she starts pounding it  
 against the window --

## 158 IN THE LIBRARY 158

In his death throes, Malcolm climbs reflexively to his feet.  
 Looking at Ripley pounding on the glass.  
 Savagely, the Alien rips a hole in his chest.  
 Hurls his body backwards...  
 Gathering it up, the Creature drags it away.

## 159 IN THE HALLWAY - RIPLEY 159

Helpless, she drops the fire extinguisher on the floor.  
 Watches the Alien disappear through the air-duct with Malcolm's  
 body.

## 160 INSERT - MALCOLM'S AXE 160

It lies across a battered mess table.

## 161 INT. MESS HALL 161

Morse, Ripley and Aaron.  
 Morse is seated.  
 Drinking a coke.  
 Looks like hell.  
 Ripley is across the way.  
 Staring at Malcolm's axe...

MORSE

Don't give me any shit -- like it was my  
 fault. He could've come with me. Fuck!  
 You're the one that brought it here!  
 You're the one responsible! Kiss my ass!

(CONTINUED)

The lights suddenly dim.  
Flicker  
Return but at a much lower amperage.

MORSE  
Now, what the fuck! Fuckin' beast is  
screwin' up the electric system!

AARON  
I been expectin' this. Main generator  
must've went out. Nobody feeding the  
firebox. Emergency backup just went  
on...

RIPLEY  
Let's go.

AARON  
Where?

RIPLEY  
To find it.

MORSE  
Find it! What the fuck!

AARON  
There's miles and miles of prison out  
there. Could be anywhere.

MORSE  
It's in the glassworks. It's even got it's  
nest there.

AARON  
How the hell do you know?

MORSE  
I saw it. That's why. I was on my way  
back from the vent shafts -- I took one  
fuckin' look and hauled ass. That's why I  
went to the library -- to tell Malcolm...I  
think the big fucker followed me...

Ripley picks up the axe.

AARON  
You comin' with us?

MORSE  
No fuckin' way.

CUT TO:

ANO 18180

162 A TORCH 162

Moving through the semi-darkness...

163 INT. GLASSWORKS - NEAR GANTRY 163

Ripley and Aaron enter.  
She has the axe in one hand, torch in another.  
The area has been transformed into an...

164 ALIEN COCOON CHAMBER. 164

Walls and ceiling encrusted with Alien mucous.  
Hives built around rotting corpses.  
Ripley moves forward.  
This is not new to her.  
A sound...  
Moaning.  
Low moaning.

165 THE COCOONS 165

Dozens of semi-transparent pods -- inside each, a prisoner's body.  
Aaron moves forward --  
He can almost make out the faces of the men in the cocoons.  
They seem to be --

AARON

They're not dead...What the fuck is this?

RIPLEY

This is the meat locker. It'll feed the new Queen.

ANDREWS (O/S)

Help...

They turn --  
Their torches illuminate --

166 ANDREWS 166

Cocooned.

AARON

Fuck...

(CONTINUED)

He starts forward...  
Ripley stops him.

RIPLEY

No -- Look--

In the fine mist of the chamber a narrow MEMBRANE -- like a cross section of laser light -- encircles the cocoon chamber.

RIPLEY

It's like an alarm. Step in there and it knows we're here.

AARON

What about Andrews?

RIPLEY

Too late.

ANDREWS

Please. Kill me. Please.

AARON

We can't just --

Ripley steps forward -- touches the flame from her torch to the Alien web...  
Andrews' cocoon is engulfed...  
Ripley and Aaron watch as he is burned to a crisp.

RIPLEY

We burn it. All of it.

Aaron looks up at the ceiling -- the circling flames.  
Soon the Cocoon chamber is a pyre...  
The flames lick at the ceiling.  
Catch the dry timbers.  
SCREEEEEEEE -!!  
They look up.

167 FAR END OF THE BURIAL CHAMBER

167

The Beast holds something in his hand: A man's torso.  
What's left of Malcolm.  
The Beast lets it drop to the floor.  
Ripley throws her torch -- it flies end over end -- the length of the cocoon chamber -- the Alien's hand comes up --  
It SMASHES against his foreleg --  
Covering him with a sheet of flame --

168 THE ALIEN 168

Rolls around on the overhead gantry to tamp out the flame.  
Moves up the wall -- through an opening...

169 RIPLEY - AARON 169

AARON  
He's headin' back to the ovens.

She pushes Aaron back towards the ladder --

RIPLEY  
Come on!

170 THE COCOON CHAMBER 170

Now an inferno.  
Hundreds of pods fully ablaze.  
A SHRILL KEENING SOUND as the flames fully engulf the half-dead...

(NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE WILL BE SUBJECT  
TO STAGING CHANGES, BASED UPON STORY BOARDS  
AND SET DESIGN. WHO DOES WHAT TO WHOM AND IN  
WHAT ORDER SHOULD REMAIN CONSISTENT)

171 INT. GLASS FACTORY - NEAR OVEN AND VAT 171

They run in...  
Aaron pulls a large blowing pipe from the wall...  
Stands in front of the furnace.  
Glass chamber nearby.  
She lifts the axe.

AARON  
You okay?

RIPLEY  
If he kills me, he kills the Queen. Let him  
choose.

172 THE ALIEN 172

Standing in the open doorway.  
Smooth Bio-mechanical skin blistered and swollen in places.  
The Alien takes a step into the room.  
Towards Ripley.

(CONTINUED)

Cautiously.

Then stops.

Aaron runs to the other side of the room -- to the vat of molten glass --

The Alien swings its huge head towards Aaron --

AARON

I can save us!

Aaron picks up an empty glass bottle from the cooling rack and throws it at the Alien -- CRACK! Another. CRACK!

The Alien starts moving towards him...

Comes right up to him --

Aaron swings the iron rod --

HITS the alien across the back of its bulbous head --

It Whips its skeletal Tyrannosaurus tail --

SMASHES Aaron up against the Molten Glass vat.

Leans over him.

Lips pull back.

Inner jaws extend...

Ripley strikes her axe into the Alien's torso.

His acid blood SPURTS out the end of the hollow tube --

SPLATTERS Ripley's cassock - she TEARS it off --

Ripley grabs Aaron -- pulls him back.

The Alien SPINS in a circle --

Blood SPRAYING around him -

Creating a CIRCLE OF FIRE about him --

IGNITING floor -- the walls --

173 RIPLEY AND AARON

173

Duck down behind the vat -- FIRE SPRAYING everywhere --

He jumps up -- pulls away from her --

Runs to the far side of the molten glass vat.

He looks down:

174 THE VAT

174

White hot liquid bubbles away at over 1300 degrees --

175 THE ALIEN

175

Acid blood has eaten through the blowing iron and it clatters to the floor in two pieces.

Head whips towards Aaron...

176 AARON 176

Points to a ladder behind Ripley --  
Ripley looks up, realizes what he means.  
Runs to the wooden ladder --  
Lowest rungs ablaze she LEAPS up -- grabs the ladder and keeps going --

177 THE ALIEN 177

Moves in on Aaron .  
Slowly.  
Makes his way around the steaming vat.  
Aaron has nowhere to run --

Hey!

RIPLEY

The Alien whirls -- Ripley kicks off the ladder --  
It swings across...  
Ripley and ladder smash into the Alien --  
The impact knocks the Alien off balance --  
Ripley lands heavily on the side of the gantry.  
As the ladder tears away --

178 RIPLEY 178

Grabs onto the gantry.  
Pulls herself upright.

179 THE ALIEN 179

Teeters for one moment like a drunken tightrope walker --  
arms flailing around -- then falls back -- grabs Aaron --

180 INTO THE MOLTEN GLASS 180

Aaron screams and The Beast screeches as it sinks beneath the  
surface of the thousand degree liquid.  
Ripley falls to floor.  
Holds her stomach --

181 EXT. SURFACE OF PLANET FURY 181

The backwash of huge rocket engines.  
A Wayland-Yutani rescue craft touches down.

ANO 18180



## 182 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

182

Morse watching as the door explodes inward...  
Two other prisoners shrink back as --  
Six Commandos and two medical officers enter.  
The Commando team covers the area with pulse rifles.  
The Captain steps forward.  
Looks at Morse.  
The Captain is a dead ringer for the android Bishop.

BISHOP II

You got a name?

MORSE

Right, sir. Prisoner Morse. 137512.  
Three years to go, sir...

BISHOP II

Where is everybody?

MORSE

Not many of us left, sir.

BISHOP II

What about Lieutenant Ripley?

MORSE

Don't know, sir. But I know where she  
went.

## 183 RIPLEY - IN THE GLASSWORKS

183

She's cuddled up in a fetal position.  
Sweating.  
Groaning.  
Nightmare without end  
But it gets worse...

## 184 OVER HER SHOULDER

184

A STEAMING six-fingered hand breaks the surface of the Molten  
glass.  
Ripley's head whips back over her shoulder:  
The Alien is CLIMBING OUT OF THE GLASS --  
Covered in molten glass --

RIPLEY

No!

ANC 18180

185 RIPLEY

185

Stands up.  
The Alien steps out of tank.  
Jaws open -- dripping liquid fire --  
Ripley looks around the room.  
Up:  
Sees something.  
Something good.  
Ripley starts to move sideways...  
The Alien moves sideways.  
Mirroring her...

186 ON A CATWALK - NEAR THE GANTRY

186

As she angles herself towards her goal.  
She slips on a smear of alien mucous--  
Pulls herself up --  
Blowing pipes bouncing down to the floor below  
The Alien is closer --  
Ripley pulls herself to her feet --  
Turns to face the Alien.  
It's a steaming mass of bubbling glass -- scant feet away.  
But it doesn't attack her.  
It tilts its long head to one side and considers her.  
It looks from Ripley to the furnace and back.

RIPLEY

That's right you fucker! It's still inside  
me!

The Alien seems to understand her.  
Ripley looks up:

187 RIGHT ABOVE THE ALIEN

187

Five hundred gallon water tank.  
Knotted hemp rope leading down to a chain.  
The Alien Pulls back its lips --  
Ripley grabs the chain --  
She pulls --  
The cold water pours down on The Beast.  
The Molten glass instantly cools --  
The rapid extreme temperature change causes The  
Beast to --  
Explode into a million pieces...!!!!  
The steam clears...  
The room is littered with Alien Bits.  
Each piece is encased in glass -- trapped like a fly in amber.

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

Got you.

188 ON THE CATWALK

188

Dragging herself upright, Ripley grips the railing and glances down at the furnace.

Its cross-like shape blurs, slipping in and out of focus.

Suddenly, she's sick again.

Turning, she sees Bishop II and his group appear below.

Bishop II starts moving towards her.

Gazing upward...

Her voice cuts through the sweltering heat:

RIPLEY

Don't come any closer!

BISHOP II

(stopping)

Ripley. Wait.

RIPLEY

Stay where you are!

He stands still.

The others move in behind him.

Another wave of nausea overcomes Ripley.

BISHOP II

I just want to help you.

RIPLEY

No more bullshit! I just felt the damn thing move.

Halting, Bishop II watches her step out onto the floor of the crane, hand poised over a control box.

The crane's steel floor is red hot from the furnace below.

Something horrible hits Ripley in the chest, knocking the wind out of her.

Struggling for breath, she never takes her eyes off --

189 BISHOP II

189

He gives her a small comforting smile...

BISHOP II

You know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

Yeah. A droid. Same model as Bishop.

BISHOP II

I'm not an android. I designed it. I'm the prototype. But I'm very human. I was sent here to show you a friendly face -- and to demonstrate to you how important you are to us. Please come down.

RIPLEY

You just want to take it back.

BISHOP II

We want to take you home. We don't care what happens to it. We know what you've been through.

MORSE

I hate droids.

Bishop II glances over to Morse -- a look of quick contempt.

BISHOP II

Shut up.

RIPLEY

Bullshit. You just want what's inside me.

BISHOP II

I won't lie to you. I know you don't want to be patronized. We do care about it. After all, it's the last one in the universe. And it's a perfect organism. Its structural perfection is matched only by its hostility. We admire its purity.

190 ON THE CRANE

190

Resolute, she hits the control box.  
Slowly, the giant crane starts to move, heading out over the furnace.

191 BISHOP II

191

and the rest stand riveted below.  
The heat is murderous.

BISHOP II

Ripley, I only have your best interest at heart. We can surgically remove the fetus. You're going to have a long, productive life.

(CONTINUED)

10/10/90 - W.H., D.G.

100.

He holds out his hand -- an almost beatific gesture.  
Morse now moves very close to Bishop II.  
He's totally freaked out.

MORSE

I hate droids. They're so full of shit.

BISHOP II

(upward, to Ripley)

Trust me.

WHAM!

Morse hits Bishop II in the middle of the head with Malcolm's axe.

Bishop II stands there frozen.

Then turns to Morse...

Axe stuck in his head.

No wires.

No milk.

Real blood.

BISHOP II

I am not a DROIDDDDDDD!!!!!!

And dies.

(REMAINDER OF ENDING CONFIDENTIAL -- TO BE  
REVEALED LATER)

AM0 18180